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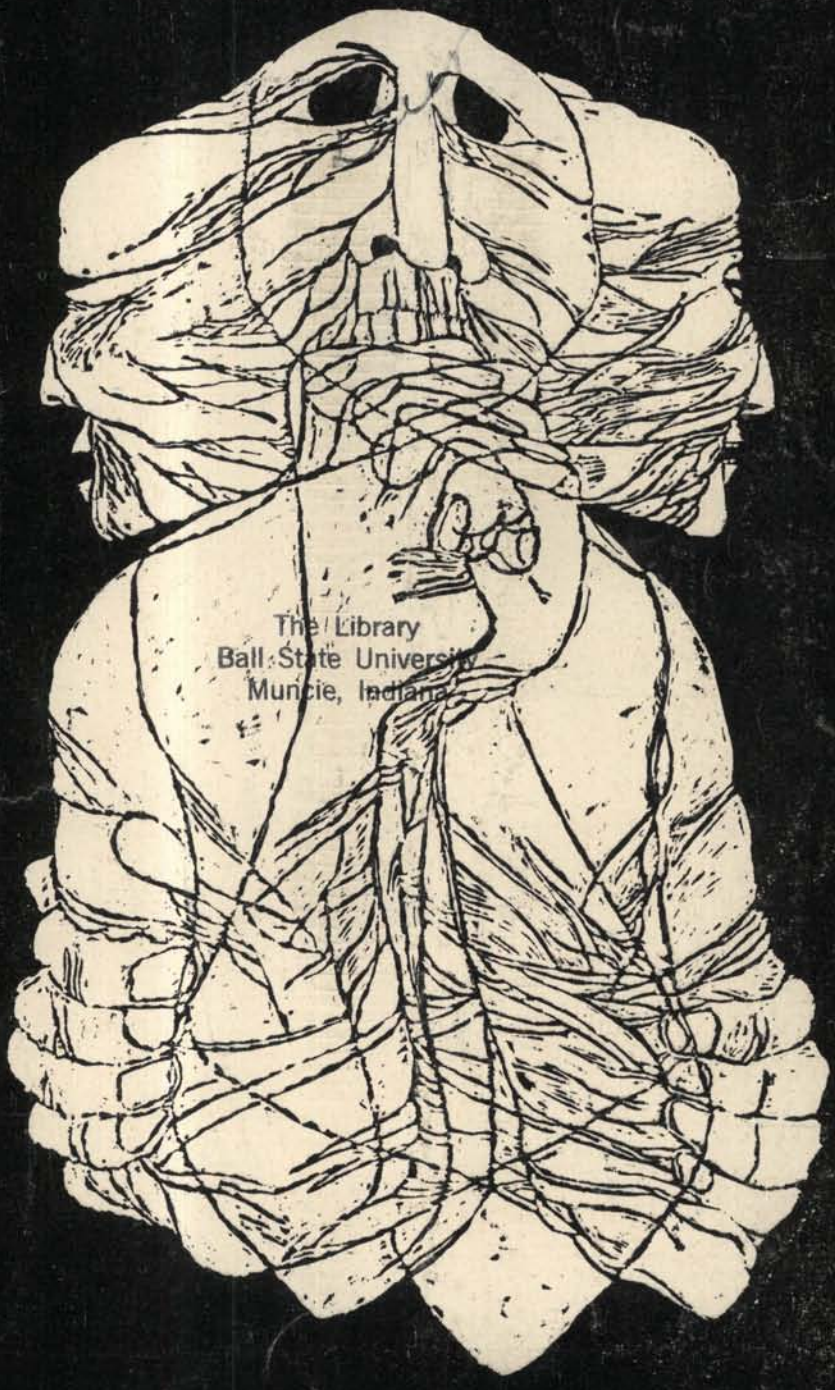

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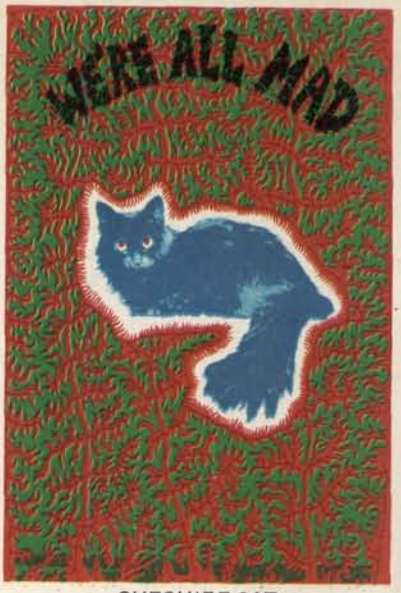

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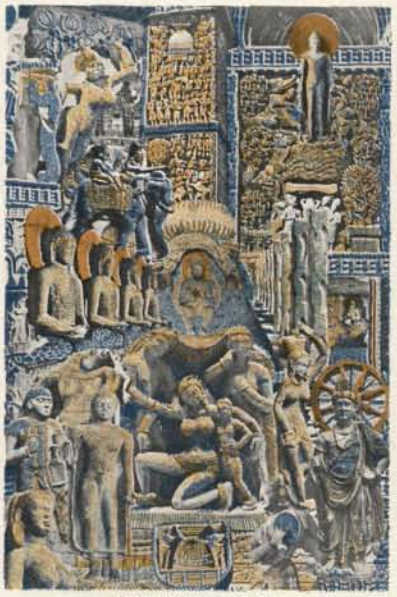

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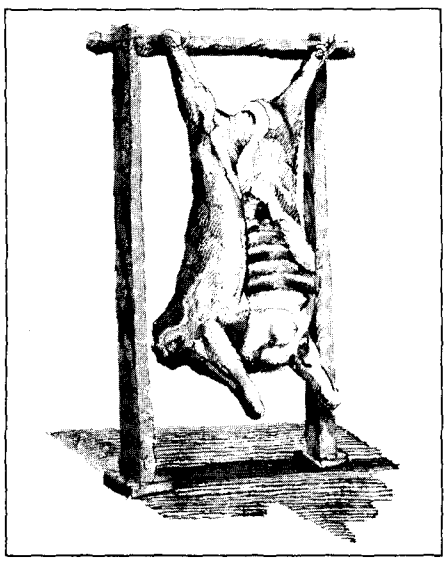

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Apologia:

THE SITUATION in the Middle East is so bad that we are glad to have a very good man write about it. I. F. Stone, who covered the birth of Israel for PM, takes pen in hand for RAMPARTS (p. 41) to make some terribly wise and to our mind profound comments towards the understanding—and the potential resolving—of the internecine war in the Holy Land.

One point that Izzy (those of us who can't pronounce I. F. call him that) develops—the absolutely disgraceful way in which both the United States and the Russians have used the people of the Middle East—is further developed in our leader (as the Times of London so urbanely refers to important editorials [p. 2]). We don't want you to think that it was a difficult editorial or anything, but it took us longer to write it than it took Israel to win and the U.N. to debate the issue, consecutively.

Before you get tired of the Stone family, Izzy's little sister Judy has finished her massive and secretive study of novelist B.Traven, which is being readied for August, but around RAMPARTS you never know. Just to show that we don't give up easily, the remaining Stone on our masthead is Marc, a brother to both, who runs RAMPARTS in New York.

Nepotism? Well, that's the small of it. Evans and Novak are planning to report that Bob Scheer's brother-in-law, Tuck Weills, is our executive mailboy (he has three assistants) and *his* brother Kit also works here somewhere, but we will beat them to that scoop. This is economy nepotism, however, since everybody gets paid in rosary beads left over from when we were a Catholic magazine. So your subscription fee (which goes up to $8.50 on Bastille Day) is not being squandered on petty bourgeois excesses.

In case you haven't already noticed, our new, pretty body type (we presume you read this particular section last, if at all), is what those typographic demons call 9 pt. Times Roman on an 11 pt. slug. If you know what that means, you can probably win drinks playing liars' dice with Art Director Dugald Stermer. If you are a rank sentimentalist and like the old magazine, write for the braille edition.—W.H.

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Israel

THREE VIEWS ON THE MIDEAST CRISIS

Arabs & Jews: An Editorial

THE ISRAELI military victory poses profound questions for those committed to the creation of a world of peace. While there can be no doubt as to the basic legitimacy of the state of Israel, it is tragic that this small nation, which was to be a haven from war's violence, should now be forced to rely for its existence on preemptive military power. But there are "friends" of Israel in the United States who positively gloat over the carnage and seem determined to force Israel's policy and needs into a cold war mold. Their jingoistic cries serve only the cause of those Arab propagandists who seek to define Israel as an imperialist state. Israel is being done no small disservice by dragging its cause into the mire of the cold war. So adroitly has the analogy of Israel and Vietnam been raised, with a resulting confusion and demoralization in the ranks of the American protest movement, that one would suspect that the Johnson administration saw in this crisis its chance to exploit Israel's predicament to its own cold war advantage.

If it had no such master plan, it certainly has had enormous coincidental help to that end. Charles Silberman, the Fortune editor who has never been distinguished as what his parent publishing corporation might call a "peacenik," gathered groups of American writers and intellectuals to take out advertisements urging that the United States side with Israel. Silberman made no bones about the fact that Johnson might better his position on Vietnam among the doves if he took firm action in support of the Israelis.

Such a proposition of U.S. intervention was gratuitous because the central fact of Israel's victory was that it acted independently, without desiring or requiring United States military aid. Thus if any analogy is to be drawn to Vietnam, it would more properly be between the Israelis and the Viet Cong—two fiercely independent nationalist groups, totally convinced of the rightness of their causes and therefore willing to fight brilliantly and effectively for them. The lie of the U.S. position in Vietnam, as almost any military man who has been there will readily testify, is that no such fighting dedication is manifest in our South Vietnamese allies.

Nevertheless, John Roche, the White House's house intellectual, was busy on the telephone during the Mideast crisis taunting Vietnam doves about becoming hawks over Israel. And America's right wing worked overtime twisting an understandable emotional identification by most Americans with Israel to a cold war advantage.

President Johnson must have been pleased by the New York Times advertisement of the Zionist Organization of America which called for American intervention because Nasser's "provocations are timed to embarrass the U.S. while we are embattled elsewhere." Ronald Reagan, headlining a rally for Israel in Los Angeles, displayed the same sales expertise he used to exhibit on behalf of General Electric to argue for his own crackpot cold war views, putting the sole blame for the Mideast situation on the Soviet Union, as if America had never played superpower there, too. Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, who distinguished himself historically by going to San Francisco to deliver a speech while Watts burned, also perverted the Israeli cause with the same cold war line. William Buckley chortled over the Arab losses in his newspaper column. With friends like these, Israel doesn't need enemies.

But the hysteria over Israel's victory was bipartisan. The liberal New Republic, in an editorial that might have been written by Dean Rusk, conjured up a new domino theory of the Middle East. If the Israelis had not won, it argued, the Russians would have realized their historic ambitions of conquest in the Middle East, and even Western Europe would eventually have been endangered by Soviet pressure. What sport Mr. Buckley will have applying the implications of the New Republic's new cold war line to its anti-Vietnam position.

What is particularly outrageous about the new cold war consensus of the New Republic and the National Review is that it ignores the malicious and double-dealing role which U.S. foreign policy has played: supporting the most reactionary element in the Arab world, doing everything possible to keep the Arab world divided, and putting the rights of American oil companies above the needs of the Arab people. This policy is no less callous than that of the earlier Western colonial powers which kept the Arabs in a state of enforced backwardness for so many years.

It is not taking away from sympathy with Israel's predicament in a hostile Arab world to note that the American press reflected this callousness in its rejoicing over Moshe Dayan's military triumph. The New York Times, for instance, described Israel's low number of military deaths in emotional, flesh and blood terms, while Arab deaths, which ran over 30 times higher, were reported merely as another dry statistic of war.

One would hope that the almost universal gloating in this country over the humiliation of the Arabs does not reflect the incipient racism that some black leaders claim resides in the hearts of the American people. While we can understand the fears and frustrations that led Israel's leaders to launch preemptive war when ringed by hostile and mobilized Arab armies, we must not allow the traditional American predilection for the victor to turn into a ridicule of the vanquished.

To thus reduce the complex, tragic issues of the Israeli-Arab dispute to the simple good-guy, bad-guy standard equation of the American lexicon is to do both sides an enormous disservice. History forced its most horrible hour on the Jews, and no reparation can be enough. But the hallowed memory

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of Jewish lives taken by the Nazis is not served by continuing the plight of the Arab refugees. As it is unreasonable to deny the absolute right of the state of Israel to exist and use international waterways, it is equally unprincipled to maintain that all Arab claims are irrational and that they have no legitimate grievances in the Holy Land. There is no question that Arabs terrorized Israeli border communities, but it is also true that the Israelis discriminated against their native Arab population.

It is also unfair to place the total responsibility for reconciliation on the Jews. But now, especially in the flush of its military triumph, Israel must take the difficult initiative to forge a progressive future for all the Mideast. I. F. Stone sets forth some guidelines for such a future in a brilliant essay in this issue (p. 41), and as he observes, the future of Israel is not in remaining an armed camp within an overwhelmingly hostile environment. As a minimum condition for such a reconciliation between the now bitter enemies, the Arabs must recognize the existence of the state of Israel and Israel must accept its responsibility for the resettlement of the Arab refugees.

The complexities of the situation belie the simplistic view held by many in the American left that the clash is between Arab socialism and Israel as a tool of Western imperialism. And it is clear that the conflict, with its historical roots and tribal hatreds, transcends the cold war—even if Georgie Jessel, Ronald Reagan and the New Republic can't understand the conflict as anything but the workings of the Red Menace.

The recent events in the Middle East reflect a pattern of nationalist and historical disputes of that area being exacerbated by the ambitions and greed of the superpowers. Neither the Soviet Union nor the United States has clean hands.

Russia's gifts of massive armaments to the Arab states are clearly motivated more by designs on the oil and waterways of the Mideast than by any sympathy with Arab nationalism. The North Vietnamese must wonder, for instance, at the ability of the Soviets to lavish arms so wastefully in the Sinai desert.

The United States, which refused to allow Jewish refugees into this country before the creation of Israel, has been consistently willing to compromise Israel's interests in order to cultivate pro-Western, oil-rich sheikdoms. America opposes Nasser, not so much because of his opposition to Israel, but because of his independence from Western control. While it was Russian tanks which opposed Israel in the Sinai, it was U.S. tanks which opposed it in Jordan.

The solution to the Holy Land crisis is the emergence of a truly independent Mideast of both Israel and the Arab states. It is foolish to believe the United States and Russia want anything there but oil and power, so the solutions to the problems will have to be reached by the Israelis and the Arabs among themselves, based on their common needs as people of the same seed. Even Biblically, theirs is a family fight.

—THE EDITORS
June 21, 1967

A TIME TO HEAL

by Paul Jacobs

"WE'RE SURE KICKING the shit out of them, aren't we?" my friend, who hardly ever uses profanity, said exultantly to me in the locker room of our Jewish club. "No," I angrily answered. "*We* aren't doing anything except getting ready to take a swim. *They* are doing it, over there, and what are you so happy about anyway? That's a war, and people are getting killed; Jews, too, not just Arabs. Maybe it had to be, but it's nothing to be celebrated."

What has happened in the Middle East is no less a tragedy because of the total irrationality, even from their own viewpoint, of the Arabs' position vis-a-vis Israel.

I first sensed how irrational the Arabs were about Israel during the Eichmann trial, when the Israeli prosecution was proving that the European Jews had been abandoned to the Nazis by the Allies.

At a time when the attention of the world was directed sympathetically towards the victims of the Nazi horror, the Arab radio stations were repeating the anti-Semitic line which the trial had surrounded with an aura of evil. Eichmann should get a medal, one broadcast said, for what he had done to the Jews, instead of being put on trial for his life; the Jews should build a statue in his honor, said another commentator, because without him there would have been no emigration to Israel and no state built up.

And the hate was reciprocal. One night, in Beersheba, shortly after the Sinai campaign of 1956, I had a terribly loud disagreement with an Israeli official who had held a top post in the military hierarchy. He kept shouting that the Israelis should never have stopped during Sinai, but should have ignored the U.S.-Soviet demand for their withdrawal, continuing on to wipe out the Egyptians. "Next time, we won't stop," he had shouted at me. "The next time, we won't be sacrificed again as we have always been. No one has ever helped us. We have survived only by our own effort. We know we can't trust any other country to help us. To hell with the U.N. We are Jews and we cannot depend on Christians to help us when the Arabs try to wipe us out!"

A few years later, Shimon Peres, then deputy minister of Defense, voiced the same theme to me at the Ministry of Defense in Tel Aviv, although in much quieter tones. Peres, a protege of David Ben Gurion and an ally of General Moshe Dayan, said, "We believe it when the Arabs say they will try to destroy us. . . . We Jews in Israel will not be slaughtered in pogroms the way so many Jews were for hundreds of years. We will die fighting and if necessary we will take our enemies with us to death."

A few days afterward, in Cairo, I heard the very same kind of threats screamed at me, quite literally, by the Egyptian minister of Labor, a young man who up until the moment I started asking him about Israel, had been talking quietly about the development of the Arab socialist movement. But when I mentioned Israel, it was as if I had set off a trigger which fired off an uncontrollable reaction. "We will never accept Israel as a neighbor, never! We will never coexist! Israel is the door through which imperialism and colonialism try to return to the Middle East. They are the catspaws of the imperialists, and when the Israelis joined in with the French and British in attacking us during the Sinai campaign in 1956, it proved we were

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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right in what we thought of them."

THERE ARE ALL the complex elements of the Middle Eastern tragedy, the clash between two nationalisms, which has now entered a new stage with the fantastic military success of the Israeli Army. In the early years of the 20th century, the Zionist movement, a Jewish nationalism which had grown out of the desperate living conditions of the Jews in Eastern Europe, received its greatest impetus with the emigration to Palestine, still a feudal, backward country, of the Russian and Polish labor Zionists, men and women who went to Palestine to build some kind of a Jewish *socialist* community.

They went to Palestine, rather than to Africa or South America, because they felt a mystical connection between themselves, as Jews, and the Holy Land of Jerusalem. Long before they began their difficult migration across Europe to the Middle East, they had started speaking Hebrew among themselves, and they spent months preparing themselves for what they knew were going to be terrible physical conditions. But what they had not expected was the hostility they encountered, hostility from most of the Arabs, rich and poor, who saw the Jews as intruders into the Arab world. And although some attempts were made to build relationships with the Arabs, they broke down because of the deep conflict between the two groups over the land. Those first Jewish settlers had a supernatural commitment to work on the land.

"Work will heal us," prophesied Aaron Gordon, a labor Zionist who came to Palestine in 1903 when he was 48 and became a legend. "In the center of all our hopes, we must place work; our entire structure must be founded on labor . . . if we do not till the soil with our very own hands, the soil will not be ours—not only ours in a social or national but not even a political sense. Here, then, we shall also be aliens, just as in the lands of the Diaspora where, too, there are Jews who rent land, who buy fields, gardens, orchards and traffic in the fruit of the labor of others."

But to work on the land, the Jewish pioneers were forced to compete for jobs with the poor Arab workers, who were usually willing to work for lower wages. So, too, the *kibbutzim*, the unique communal land settlements organized by these socialists, were often engaged in physical conflict with the Arabs who lived in the area and bitterly resented the development and spreading out of the Jews onto lands to which the Arabs had their own mystical attachment.

The fact, too, that the Jewish population was better educated and somewhat better off economically than the mass of Arabs, who were still dominated by their feudal leaders, also hindered the development of any alliance. Arab society had not yet thrown off the ancient shackles of tradition which kept the Arab people in ignorance and subservience to their own corrupt chiefs, who were frequently willing to sell out their own people to the British and French. Inevitably, then, the Palestinian Jews began to develop feelings of contempt for both these corrupt chiefs and the Arab *feyadeens*, the ignorant, poor peasants who seemed content to remain in their poverty and ignorance, at the mercy of the brutal feudal society. As much as the Jewish socialists may have initially wanted to include the Arab workers in their vision of brotherhood, they found it almost impossible to break through the barriers of religion and custom which separated them from the Arabs.

So over the years, physical survival more than socialism became a dominant theme of Jewish life in Palestine. To help their society survive, the Zionists were willing to make and, if necessary, unmake political alliances of all kinds. Before World War I started, when Palestine was still part of the Ottoman Empire, Ben Gurion and Ben Zvi became Turkish citizens in the hope that their action could win over friends among the young Turks who were taking over the empire. When the war began, they asked that a Jewish militia be set up within the Turkish Army, but after the Turks opted to join the war on the side of the Germans, the Palestinian settlers shifted their allegiance to the Allies and organized a Jewish Legion inside the British Army.

Then during the British Mandate over Palestine, when the English tried to maintain their balance of power in the Middle East by playing off the Arabs and Jews against each other, the Zionist policy vis-a-vis the British varied from year to year, depending on what position the British had adopted towards permitting Jewish emigration to Palestine. It was during those years that the Jews organized their own state within a state, setting up dual institutions of power

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alongside those of the British. One of these was the *Haganah*, the illegal Jewish Army that conducted guerrilla warfare against the British and the Arabs.

The Arab commitment to nationalism has also been developing since before World War I, and in the Arab view the British and French were the enemies: the British Empire had occupied Egypt in 1882 and was the colonial master who had to be overthrown before Arab freedom in Egypt could be achieved, just as the French had to be driven from their hold over Syria. Perhaps then it might have been possible for the Arabs and the Jews, together, to have overthrown the British in the Middle East and created a bi-national state in Palestine.

Some attempts were made to create such an alliance, but they foundered on the mutual distrust which had grown between the two groups. The Egyptian nationalists viewed the Zionist movement as an integral part of Western imperialism: Nasser expressed this attitude when he said to the Egyptian Parliament in 1962, "Part of the Arab territory of Palestine was handed to an aggressive racial movement with neither historical nor natural justification, to be used by the imperialists as a whip in their hands to fight the struggling Arabs if one day they were able to overcome their humiliation and survive the crisis."

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THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II brought the Jews of Palestine over to the side of the British, their former enemy. There was no other choice, since they knew that the Nazis would exterminate them, and they believed that the Arabs, who were either neutral or siding with the Nazis, would do the same. The Arabs made no secret of their feelings: the British could recruit practically no Arabs for their Army, and even the Arab Legion of Trans-Jordan was beset by wholesale mutinies and desertion. Then, as Rommel advanced further into Egypt, Arab jubilation rose. The Egyptian Defense minister gave the Italian military intelligence Egypt's defense plans, while in Iraq, the mufti attempted to organize a revolt against the British. When the revolt failed, the mufti left for Berlin where he became a Nazi propagandist. Pro-Nazi Syrians murdered a pro-British Syrian public official and Beirut became a focal center for all kinds of Nazi activity among the Arabs. And so men like Dayan, who had been in British prisons for their *Haganah* activity, were released from jail to join the British and French in their fight against the Nazis. Indeed, it was when Dayan was leading a secret allied commando raid into Syria that the brilliant and flamboyant officer lost his eye and began using the eyepatch which has become his now-famous trademark.

Even while the war in Europe was going on, the Palestinian Jews were actively engaged in attempting to rescue those European Jews who had been the victims of Nazism, and had been refused admittance to the other countries of the world. Once the war in Europe was over, the Jewish refugee problem became an enormous one, for no country, including England, France and America, would accept them. And the British were determined that the refugees should not go to Palestine, where the Arabs saw the refugees as an army of invaders.

So the Palestinian Jews began another war against the British, this time to achieve statehood. With statehood, they believed, they could legally bring in as many refugees as wanted to come; with statehood, the Jews of the world would have a homeland.

But statehood meant war with the Arabs, a war in which the Israelis defeated all the Arab forces, leaving them bitter and humiliated, and the Israelis confirmed their contempt for the Arabs as being incapable of conducting a modern war with modern equipment. The end of the war also left the problem of the 650,000 Arab refugees from Israel unresolved, a sore which has grown into a terrible cancer. Between 1948 and 1952, when Colonel Nasser and his supporters among the Army officers overthrew the corrupt regime in Egypt, the Middle East became more and more a cold war battleground. And almost inevitably, Israel became part of the Western bloc while the Soviet Union wooed the Arabic nations very successfully.

The Nasser revolution seemed to have the objective of making some fundamental changes in the nature of Arabic society, and Nasser himself sought to unify the Arabs under his control. And despite the fact that Israel was identified by the Arabs with Western imperialism and colonialism, Nasser gave some signs of willingness to discuss the possibility of establishing more peaceful relationships, at least on a *de facto* basis, with Israel. Such discussion, I am convinced, might have altered, in very important ways, the miserable course of events in the Middle East, and perhaps prevented both the Sinai campaign and the most recent war. At one point in early 1956, Dom Mintoff, then prime minister of Malta, tried to make arrangements for secret meetings between Nasser, who was planning a private visit to Malta, and Israeli representatives. But the Malta meetings never took place, because the British instructed Mintoff to tell Nasser that a visit by him to Malta was "not convenient." The British also informed Mintoff that he "should understand that he is not a traveling salesman for peace."

Despite the British, however, undercover meetings were held in Europe to discuss how more normal relations between the two countries could be established, even in the absence of a formal peace treaty, for, as the Egyptians explained, they could not hold their place as the leading nation in the Arab world and come to any open agreement with Israel. A number of proposals were made in these meetings, but before any con-

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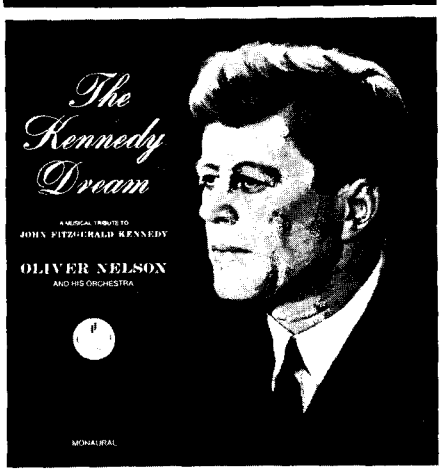

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crete results could be obtained, the meetings were torpedoed by the opening of the Sinai campaign.

Much of the political background of that campaign is still hidden, but there is no doubt that Israel, under the political leadership of Ben Gurion and the military leadership of Dayan, acted together with France and Britain in moving against the Suez Canal. The British and French decision to move against Egypt was ostensibly in reprisal for Nasser's nationalization of the canal, long considered by the Arabs to be the most hateful symbol of colonialism and imperialism. Interestingly too, at the time of nationalization, Israel had made no public outcry about the canal; its interest in cooperating with the French and British was in getting freedom of shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba which, Nasser had announced in September 1955, would be closed to Israel, and in ending the terrorist raids being made upon Israel's territory from *feyadeen* bases in the Gaza strip.

These raids had been going on since 1949, and by the middle '50s had increased considerably in number and scope. Israelis were being injured or killed, and reprisal raids seemed to have no effect upon the terrorists. In October 1955, Ben Gurion had ordered Dayan to prepare plans to conquer the straits of Aqaba. At that time, Ben Gurion was only minister of Defense, and Moshe Sharett, who was considered to be "softer" on the Arab question, was prime minister. However, Sharett resigned in November 1955, and was replaced by Ben Gurion, who then held both posts. Dayan wanted to move ahead with the attack upon the straits immediately, but it was decided to wait for a better opportunity: the nationalization of the Suez Canal provided it.

In the Suez campaign, Dayan inflicted such grievous blows upon the Arab military forces that the Israelis became convinced of their superiority. But since the covert relationship between Israel, France and England was very quickly revealed, despite the denials of all three countries, the campaign served to reinforce the Arab bitterness at Israel. Nasser undoubtedly reflected the views of most Arabs when he said that England and France, "launched their attack from Israel, the base of imperialism, which was brought into existence by means of plots with the object of intimidating the Arab nation and tearing it apart. In the battle of Suez, imperialism revealed itself, its bases and its accomplices."

France's role in the Suez crisis also served to consolidate the Arab nations around Nasser, for the memories of the bitter colonial war in Algeria were still fresh in the minds of the Afro-Arabic world. Thus Israel was identified with the last vestiges of colonialism and imperialism still remaining in the Middle East and North Africa.

AND TO NASSER, the role of Egypt as leader of the Arab world, with himself at its head, was ordained. He has always believed that, "The United Arab Republic is, both historically and actually, the only Arab nation which can assume the responsibility of building a national army capable of deterring imperialist, Zionist aggressive campaigns."

But the task of making the United Arab Republic into the accepted leader of the Arab world has proved impossible. Even with the help Nasser was getting from the Soviet Union, he could not solve both the domestic economic problems of Egypt and the external political disputes in which he was engaged with other Arab countries. And no matter what private feelings he may have had about the need to maintain peace with Israel, at least until his own Army and that of the other Arab countries was strong enough to deal effectively with the Israeli Army, events mastered him; he was evidently forced by the escalation of pressure from other Arab countries, especially the raids from Syria into Israel, into making his own move.

That move, again closing off the straits of Aqaba, thus cutting off Israel's access to southern water, had immediate repercussions in Israel. In the past few years, Ben Gurion and his people, Dayan and Peres, had been out of power, replaced by Levi Eshkol and a group of men who were less inclined to move against the Arabs on their own and more inclined to respond through the U.N. to any Arab actions against them. The military government restrictions against the Israeli Arabs had been eased considerably by the Eshkol government, and although it, too, refused to consider taking back any sizable number of Arab refugees, at least there was a sense of lessening tension in the Middle East.

However, three weeks after Nasser's move, the direction of internal Israeli

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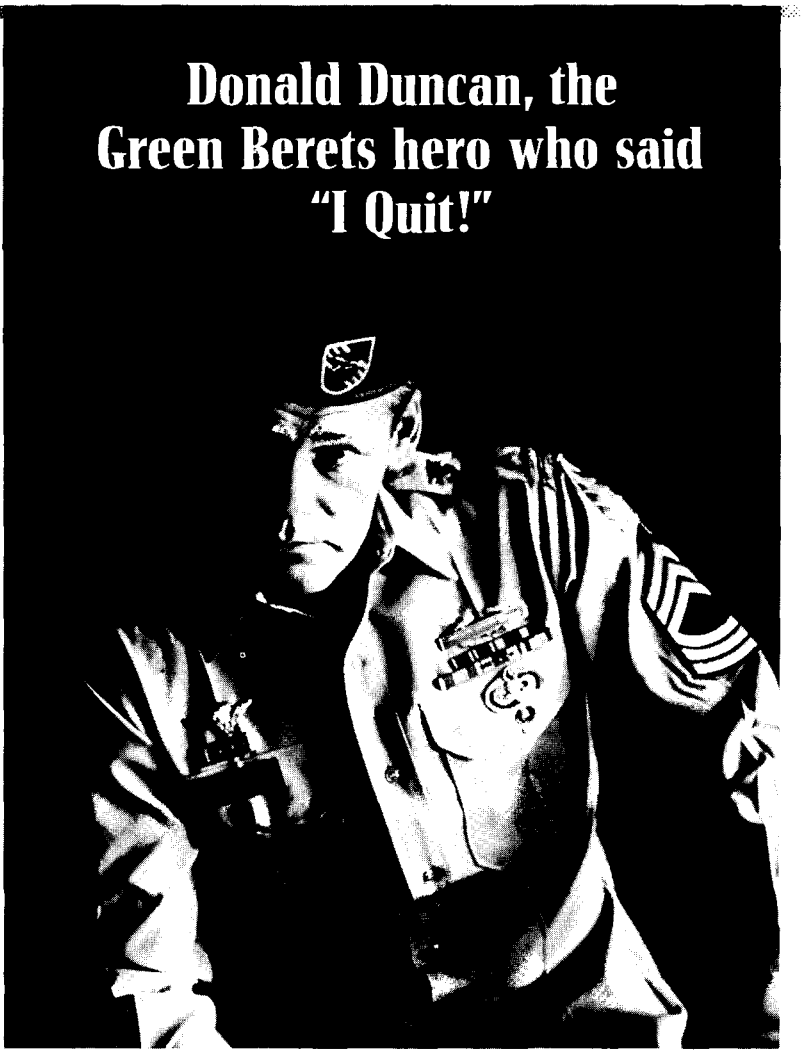
Donald Duncan, the Green Berets hero who said "I Quit!"



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". . . How about you — still thinking of getting out?"

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life was reversed. Increasingly impatient with the inability of the U.N. to resolve the problem, and increasingly concerned about the possibility of Arab strangulation, more and more Israelis, of all political groups, demanded that their government take unilateral action. Once again, frightened about their own survival, the Israelis were forced into the conviction that no one was going to help them. Once again, they felt surrounded by Moslem and Christian enemies, and so once again they turned to Dayan, their own authentic military leader.

Dayan is completely a product of Israel: born on the first *kibbutz* founded there, he personifies the tough, arrogant *sabras*, the native-born Israelis who have never been able to understand why the European Jews went passively to their deaths. So, under Dayan's leadership, and evidently without any help from other countries, the Israelis won an extraordinary military victory, particularly punishing the Syrians whom they hold most responsible for provoking the war. (There is an especially bitter animus in the Syrian-Israeli relationship that makes even the relationships between Egyptians and Israelis pale in comparison: in the past, any Israeli who wandered innocently across the Syrian border could expect brutal treatment, and a captured Israeli spy knew that the cruelest kind of punishment was the price to be paid before death.)

But now that the military war is over, how will the political war be resolved? What will the Israelis do, now, about the Arab refugees? How will the Arabs be psychologically able to remain at peace with the Israelis who have humiliated them, so much more devastatingly than ever before? Will the solution to the problem entail a new form of imperialism imposed upon the Middle East by a U.S.-Soviet bloc, forcing its joint will upon Arabs and Israelis alike? Or will the U.S. and the Soviets continue their terrible arms competition in the Middle East until another war breaks out?

Many years ago, David Ben Gurion told a prominent American Jewish leader who disagreed with him about the future of relations between Jews and Arabs: "The difference between us actually is not so much one of aims but of means. You, too, want a state; you too do not wish to remain under a British mandate. What you want is a bi-national state, and that, too, is a state. You be-

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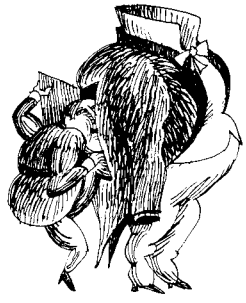
lieve that peace with the Arabs would bring it about. I cannot believe in the existence of a bi-national state, and I do not at all believe that peace with the Arabs would bring it about. But I do believe something which you do not believe, and that is that the Jewish state will bring us peace."

But so far it hasn't, and it never will, by military force, despite those who believe in a "Pax Israel," despite those who see in the recent victory a lesson for Israel to follow in the future.



ISRAEL IS NOT VIETNAM

by Michael Walzer and Martin Peretz

IN THE WEEK BEFORE war broke out in the Middle East, the two of us, along with several thousand American university teachers, signed a statement calling upon the United States government to take immediate action to end the Egyptian blockade of the Straits of Tiran. We have been involved in heated argument ever since, with friends (and enemies) on the right and left.

We have been asked: "How can you demand unilateral military action in the Middle East and oppose it in Vietnam?"; "Why should the 'national liberation' of the Arabs be resisted and that of the Vietnamese not be resisted?"

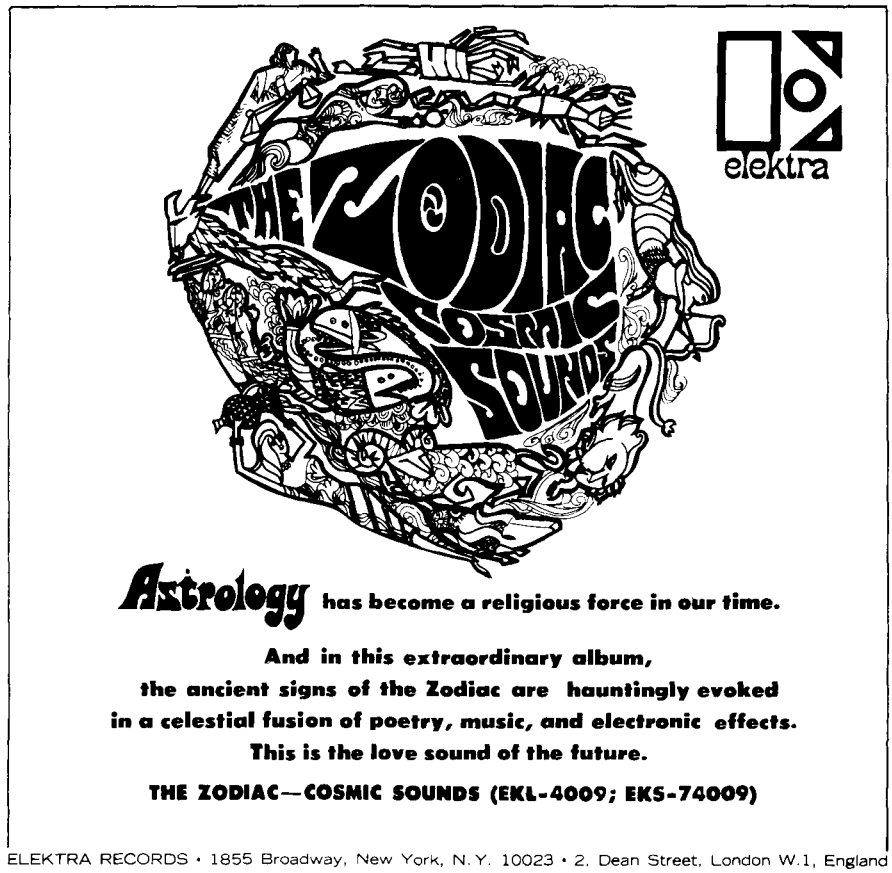
At first, these weren't queries we took entirely seriously since they came only from the right, from "sources close to the White House," and from low-flying hawks. There seemed to us nothing inconsistent in asking for American action against Egyptian aggression in the Gulf of Aqaba and opposing American aggression in Vietnam, nothing illogical about condemning intervention in a Vietnamese civil war—not without reason has the left insisted that it is, or was, a *civil* war—and urging resistance to an Egyptian attack upon Israel.

We were, perhaps, naive to think that the United States, which might well give lessons to Nasser on how to run a blockade, would help in breaking one, but not logically inconsistent. And if we were quicker to rush to Israel's defense than we might have been on behalf of another country, that was *of course* because of our loyalties, emotional and moral. But we are against all blockades in time of peace—in Berlin, in the Caribbean, in the South China Sea, in Aqaba. We would have preferred that the U.N. act to end the Egyptian blockade last May, but since that was impossible and the U.N. impotent, there seemed to us no valid objection to unilateral action by a great power—at least insofar as that action seemed more likely to prevent a war than to start one. The Munich analogy, consistently misapplied to Vietnam, has some application here—except that this time the Czechs fought back and won, saving the great powers from embarrassment and guilt.

The argument from the right made no sense to us at all; it was nothing more than a predictably crude attempt to take advantage of our trouble. But we were suprised to find that many people on the left agreed that the cases of Vietnam and Israel were similar. They shared the mad "consistency" of cold warriors and argued that the governments of Marshall Ky and Levi Eshkol were alike in one crucial respect: they were both bastions of imperialism, on guard against the rise of the Third World. Or, more cautiously, that Israel was only the most recent European colony, the Jews the most successful *colons*. Their fate, we were told, was a tragic one, because Nazism and the more civilized forms of European anti-Semitism had left them no alternative but Palestine, and there they were doomed to enact the role of the oppressor, only to be destroyed on the inevitable day of Arab liberation.

Since views like these are in fact widely shared on the American left (we were delighted to see them disowned in a statement of support for Israel signed by Jean-Paul Sartre and some 50 other French leftist intellectuals), we feel it imperative to outline, briefly and quickly, the key arguments against them:

1. The Jewish colonization of Palestine differs from other colonizations in Africa and Asia in that the immigrant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community was committed to do its own work—under a great variety of cooperative and collectivist arrangements—and not to exploit the Arab population. The kinds of relations that developed between *colon* and Arab in Algeria or between black and white in Rhodesia and South Africa did not develop, except marginally, in British Palestine (or rather, they existed between the British and the Arabs, but not between the Jews and the Arabs). Certainly there were individual Jews who came to Israel, in the years before Hitler, to get rich by speculating on Arab land and working Arab labor, but they were repudiated by the community as a whole. The Jewish National Fund was formed precisely to withdraw land from the market and prevent its being worked by hired labor. The typical Jewish agricultural unit was not the plantation but the *kibbutz*.

2. It was because of the relative autarky of the Jewish community (at least vis-a-vis the Arabs) that partition was really possible. The white economies of Algeria, Rhodesia and South Africa could not survive a partition, which would cut them off from their labor supply. The Jews provided their own labor.

3. All of that labor is not, to be sure, European. Israel is so far from being a European colony that a majority of its Jewish population comes from North Africa and the Middle East. There are as many Jews from Arab countries in Israel as there are Palestinian Arabs in Egypt and Jordan. What has occurred, in effect, is not one expulsion but many, a massive transfer of populations similar to earlier transfers also made necessary by the rise of populist nationalism.

It is certainly true that non-European Jews are often discriminated against in Israel today, but one might say: better them than the Arab proletariat, for they are systematically being integrated into Israeli society, while a million Arabs could not be integrated (and would not want to be), any more than a million Jews could live as equals in Arab states like Morocco, Algeria, Egypt or Iraq. Population transfers are cruel and often barbarous; there is no reason to rejoice in them. Nor is there any reason to deny that this transfer has been harder on the Arabs than on the Jews, many of whom were buoyed up by the Zionist dream. Still, most Jews were not Zionists; most of those who came to Israel came because life in Poland (*or Algeria*) was no longer a possible alternative. The key difference between them and the Arab refugees is that they have been received by a community genuinely devoted to their welfare and then caught up in a growing economy. The misery of the Arab refugees, on the other hand, has been positively cultivated by governments intent on exploiting them for political purposes.

4. The creation of the Jewish state was not sponsored by so-called imperialist powers or supported by their economic interests in the Middle East, but rather was achieved despite the fierce opposition of both. In 1948, British and American diplomats and oilmen were committed to the Arabs. "The hostility of the American diplomatic service," wrote I. F. Stone in 1948, "was shared by the military bureaucracy. The attitude of both reflected the anti-Zionist influence exerted by major American oil companies on the bankers-in-uniform who took up so prominent a position in the molding of policy in the closing days of the Second World War . . . These pervasive influences fought a persistent battle against humane impulse and Jewish national aspiration on cynical grounds: the supposed need for Arab oil and the desire to use the Arab states as allies in a new war, this time to be fought against the Soviet Union."

5. Things have changed in the Middle East since 1948, and the biggest change has undoubtedly been the downfall of some pro-Western regimes like that of King Farouk and the establishment of successor states of a nationalist and purportedly socialist character. There is a great deal to be said about these successor states and especially about Nasser's Egypt, far more than we can say here. We want to make only one point: whatever its origins in human despair and hunger, whatever the extent of its popular support, Nasser's dictatorship is not socialism. The recent and unmourned collapse of rulers like Sukarno and Nkrumah has made the character of their governments—Nasser's is not different—increasingly clear, or rather, visible beyond denial, for we ought to admit that we knew it all along. In a recent attack on Ghana in the New Left Review, Roger Murray has written words that we feel apply just as well to Nasser's Egypt: "The truth is that these facts were, at least in general outline, *profane but unspoken knowledge* on the left. The corruption . . . the complicities, the cult of the leader, the absence of genuine party life, the systematic elimination of all autonomous or critical groups, left as well as right, the sedimenting of new and gross class and power dispositions centering upon the state—none of this was news to anyone who . . . took the trouble to study the situation at all closely. What was involved was not absence of local evidence; it was a misinterpreted application of revolutionary responsibility and commitment." We would only add to the list: the deliberate stirring up of xenophobic emotion and the distortion of the national economy for the sake of military expenditure. We do not know what kind of revolutionary commitment leads to misinterpret all this and call it national liberation. For the moment we have only one concern: that Israel not be plagued by such revolutionaries.

In any case, a truly revolutionary movement, willing to face its own internal enemies squarely, would not need to invoke the "Zionist menace" to mobilize the enthusiasm of the Arab masses.

6. The spectacle of so much of the Third World, from India to Cuba, and every communist government except Rumania assiduously refusing to recognize the threat posed by the present Arab rulers to the very survival of Israel, should make clear that the United States has no monopoly on cynicism. Cairo, after all, has made no secret of its intentions towards Israel. The Soviet Union, especially, must bear major responsibility for Nasser's desperado dreams of old maps. Not less than the United States, it has given aid and encouragement of the sort that has been needed least. So the Arab leaders have proven themselves to be overreachers, and they still expect to win by intransigence what they have lost on the battlefield and never deigned to discuss at the conference table. Those who continue to indulge them, for whatever reason, do them no service. There will be no settlement of the refugee problem, no agreements on boundaries, and no Arab revolution worthy of the wretched plight of the Arab peoples until the fact of Israel's existence is accepted by those now sworn to its destruction.

Messrs. Walzer and Peretz teach social studies and government respectively at Harvard University.

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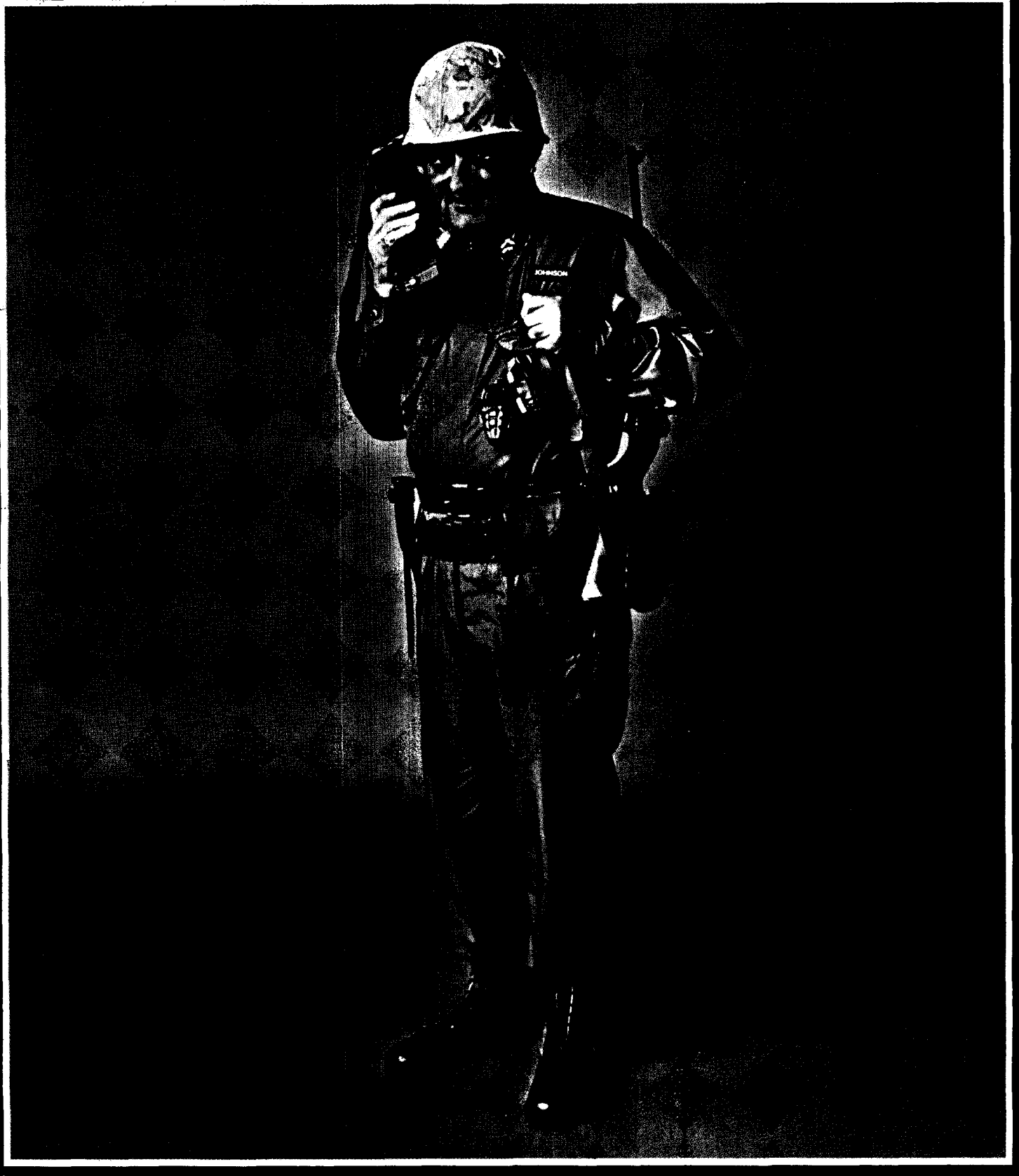
ght of the Generals



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EMPIRE BUILDING is a hazardous business, even for master architects. It's disastrous for the people whom the imperial architects use as building blocks. In 1938, the Japanese cabinet wanted to settle the war in China. It was stymied in that attempt by the Japanese general staff which argued that the flower of Japanese youth was being killed off by the politicians' egregious error in stimulating a military intervention in China. The Japanese general staff made clear that it was not about to accept the idea that young men who had already died in China did so in vain. Thus more lives were thrown away. According to diplomatic historian Johan Huizinga, there was also another reason: the Japanese military needed to protect its prestige and dominance over Japanese politics, and the state's budget. Thus, the Japanese military forced the civilian cabinet to escalate upwards and to continue the military thrust which finally culminated in the Second World War.

The United States has had to deal with similar historical experiences. In 1951, General Douglas MacArthur, who operated as pro-consul over the Asian part of the American empire, ended up threatening the civilian authority in Washington as a result of strategic differences over the course of the war in Korea.

That same confrontation is now developing as a result of the American colonial war in Vietnam. As I suggested in "A View from Washington," which appeared in Ramparts in July 1965, "Our military involvement in Vietnam has camouflaged America's real interests and distorted our diplomatic and political vision of the means that should be employed there. The methods we have followed in Vietnam may not be without cost, in terms of our own nation's stability and freedom of choice. When we ask the military to undertake projects which are inherently unmilitary, we are courting great danger. It is perhaps over-dramatic to say that the United States will be faced with an American version of the French *Organisation de l'Armée Secrète* (OAS) if we substantially expand the war and then attempt an accommodation—but such seeds are easily sown. The official American policy in Vietnam is to support a civilian government, but the rank-and-file military, as well as high-ranking American military officers in Vietnam, support the South Vietnamese military. Bad habits are learned in such wars, and they may be too easily applied at home.

"It is hard for American civilian leadership to learn that the military is not a machine which can be started and stopped by pressing a button. By definition of their mission, the military want to follow through to a military victory. We will find that each day that American policymakers procrastinate on a political settlement, the war will escalate by its own momentum."

Until 1966, the American war in Vietnam was viewed only as a distant "hip-pocket" war, a civil war, a revolution. But it was not viewed as an *American* war which had profound consequences in the United States. It is now clear that the American war in Vietnam has had dislocating effects on American society.

Because there have been no attainable objectives by U.S. forces in Vietnam, the American military has been looking for scapegoats. General Westmoreland argues that militarily the war is a success, but that his forces are being sold out at home. This is not unlike the response of the German general staff officers after the First World War who also whined that they were sold out by the civilians. In a recent speech to the Detroit Economics Club, Marine Commandant General Greene clearly painted those who protest the war as traitors. Since we *are* at war, he argued, the issue of whether we *should* be at war is no longer open to discussion.

During the cold war Americans have developed a sanguine view of the military. Forgetting the historic doubts about the military as a threat to free institutions, Congress authorized the fusing of the military and civilians into an incredibly large war structure which funds itself at $80 billion a year. The few hundred civilians who have been in charge of American foreign policy since 1945 have thought of military power in wholly mechanistic terms; they believed that military power was merely the principal instrument for enforcing American will abroad. Very little cognizance was taken of military power as an internal power system that could disturb, and ultimately destroy, the preeminence of civilian authority in society.

Because of the classification and secrecy laws, as well as the fusing of military and civilian roles, the public has never seen how uneasy the balance is between military and civilian authority in the United States. The veil is pulled aside only at times of a military stalemate, such as that which occurred during Korea, or rhetorically, as at Eisenhower's farewell address. It is during a stalemated war situation that the military as a system of internal political power emerges from behind locked National Security doors as various groups party to the military debate find it necessary to engage larger publics for support of their internal power position.

For example, beginning in 1966, statements which military leaders made to the public and to other military men underscored the position that they do not intend to repeat the military stalemate which occurred in Korea. Their purpose is rather to force the hand of civilian authority—which stupidly blundered into a war that by its very nature had no objectives meaningful or consistent with American interest or power. The Joint Chiefs of Staff consistently asked permission from the President to take any steps they considered necessary if the U.S. intervened militarily in Southeast Asia. Once our military commitment was made, and some of those steps had been taken, the power alignment changed in the National Security establishment. We are already beginning to see some of the resultant consequences.

Recently, over the objection of the secretary of Defense and the President, the House Armed Services Committee under the leadership of its chairman, Congressman Mendel Rivers, amended the defense authorization bill to establish a four-year term for the chief of staff of the Army, the chief of naval operations, and the chief of the Air Force. This bill, which was signed into law by the President on June 5, 1967, will not take effect until January 1, 1969. However, its effect is very important. Since the enactment of the National Security Act of 1947, the President has been able to exercise control over the Joint Chiefs by not appointing them to set terms, making clear that they did not have independent authority. The President and the secretary of Defense were in a strong position to sack any general or admiral whose work or actions they did not approve of. President Kennedy was able to sack the chief of naval operations, Admiral Anderson, after two years. (Anderson became ambassador to Portugal.) Terms for the Chiefs were kept flexible for precisely this reason. As report 221 (May 1967) from the House Armed Services Committee stated, "The history of the appointment and reappointment of Joint

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Chiefs of Staff varies from periods of four years, two years, no term specified, and of course to as low as one year."

Although the Armed Services Committee stated that it was "fully aware of the necessity for retaining unquestioned civilian control of our Armed Forces," it "does not justify a term of office so short that the freedom of expression for acting as military advisors . . . may well be inhibited." Congress's purpose was to make it clear that the Joint Chiefs should be available to it independent of executive authority. The Armed Services Committees of the House and Senate, acting in their capacity as the military representatives in the Congressional body, have thus helped to emasculate the power of the executive in controlling the military.

It is now possible under law for the Joint Chiefs to feel secure for four years in their jobs, and to lobby for the military interest in Congress independent of the secretary of Defense. The committee's argument for this legislation, echoing the conceit of the professional military officer, was that "When a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff knows that he may not be reappointed if he disagrees too often with the secretary or other civilians in the executive branch of Government, then it is clear that professional military advisors must advocate, or refrain from opposing, popular concepts of the day as voiced by civilians, who come and go in the Washington area almost as frequently as the change of season." The President could not veto this legislation inspired by the Joint Chiefs, since the war has made him beholden to them. During wartime the generals get what they want, including domestic political power.

IT IS USEFUL TO COMPARE the Korean and Vietnam adventures. In Vietnam the United States has 500,000 troops in an area where there are but 15 million "hosts." (It is interesting to note that in *all* of Indochina there were never more than 200,000 French troops.) In Korea there were 327,000 American troops in a country of 55 million people. Thus the military commitment to Vietnam, as Asians and Americans agree, is far greater than it was in Korea. In Korea, the military commanders in the field, principally General MacArthur, argued for an expanded war which would have included the bombing of China. MacArthur thought this was the way to bring the war to a successful conclusion. Until the Chinese entered the war to repulse American-U.N. forces back to the southern side of the 38th parallel, the American war aim was rather grand: the unification of Korea under Syngman Rhee. The President, the secretary of State and the Joint Chiefs of Staff concurred on that objective and pressured the U.N. into adopting it. However, that position was held only until the Chinese military showed that it could stalemate the United States militarily. Then American policy took a different turn: Marshall and Acheson feared a larger war, which would both isolate the U.S. from its allies and possibly cause nuclear weapons to rain on Europe, the United States and Japan. There were similar fears that the tenuous structure of NATO and the U.N. would collapse. Most important, however, was the extreme unpopularity of the war with the American people. For these reasons, the civilians and the military in Washington stopped supporting MacArthur.

In May 1951, in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, General Bradley stated that he did not support General MacArthur's view that the war should be carried to China. However, a year and a half later, part of the professional bureaucracy in the State Department, including the present secretary of State, believed that the United States was being bluffed out by failing to follow a modified MacArthur course. They were unhappy with the fact that politicians, reflecting the wishes of the American public, wanted to settle the war. As Robert Murphy, former career undersecretary of State, said in *Diplomat Among Warriors:*

> An ingenious speech-writer, Emmett John Hughes, induced Eisenhower to pledge that if he were elected, he would make a personal trip to Korea. The implication was that such a trip would produce a settlement. The response of the public to this promise was so enthusiastic that politicians of the Democratic Party put pressure on the Truman Administration to sign a cease-fire prior to the election, in order to get credit themselves for making peace. This unmistakable evidence of the war's unpopularity among citizens encouraged the Peiping [sic] negotiators to hold out for wholly unacceptable terms.

Although the Joint Chiefs did not support MacArthur in 1951 in his attempt to involve U.S. forces in a direct attack on the Chinese mainland, there is strong indication that the Joint Chiefs and the area commanders would not shrink from such a confrontation in 1967; rather they would welcome it, as it would give some meaning to the present large military commitment. It would then be "rationally" possible to bomb nuclear installations and use tactical nuclear weapons against a supposedly aggressive enemy. It would also serve to justify their political power, since it would show the public that they were *doing* something. There have been numerous incursions from the air by American planes and, according to Chinese and African sources, planned and regular bombing of Chinese border installations for the last six months. Admiral Ulysses S. Sharp, the commandant of the Asian theatre of war, stated that he hoped for an "invasion from the North," so that the United States could really show its power. The Pentagon's position has been to goad the Chinese into an intervention, or to make it appear through the mass media that the Chinese and North Vietnamese have been about to invade. They would then be able to justify a larger and more conventional military confrontation with the power of China. (Secretary Rusk, harboring regrets over our failure to confront China during the Korean War, is likely to go along with such schemes.)

That tactic was not acceptable during the Korean War since the nation's policymakers were split as to whether China or the Soviet Union was the principal enemy, and whether Europe or Asia was preeminent to American interests. The dominant Establishment view was that Europe was the prize, the enemy was the Soviet Union, and to become involved in a war with China, as General Omar Bradley put it to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, would be "to fight the wrong war at the wrong time and in the wrong place." On the other hand, the right wing, as best reflected by General MacArthur's view in a letter to Joseph Martin, the then Republican minority leader of the House, said:

> It seems strangely difficult for some to realize that here in Asia is where the Communist conspirators have elected to make their play for global conquest, and that we have joined the issue thus raised on the battlefield; that here we fight Europe's war with arms while the diplomats there still fight it with words; that if we lose this war to Communism in Asia the fall of Europe is inevitable, win it and Europe

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most probably would avoid war and yet preserve freedom. As you point out, we must win. There is no substitute for victory.

In personal political terms, MacArthur had little backing and fewer admirers on the Joint Chiefs of Staff or in staff positions in Washington. He was viewed by most military men as someone who, because he had not been in the United States for 15 years, had lost touch with American society. He was an "Asian" general. The Joint Chiefs and their staffs were dominated by "European" generals, that is, men whose military experience in World War II was in Europe.

This is no longer true. In April 1967, General Westmoreland used virtually the same logic before the Congress that General MacArthur used in his letter to Congressman Martin. And in a speech before the Associated Press, he began by invoking the name of MacArthur. Today, the ideology of the National Security bureaucracy is the MacArthur ideology.

The ideological formulation among policymakers and the National Security bureaucracy is that wars of national liberation will determine the outcome of the fight with "communism." Consequently, Asia is the prize to fight over and control. War in Europe is now thought to be a far less likely risk than it was to policymakers during Korea. What this means, of course, is that MacArthur's analysis is now accepted by virtually everyone in government. In their own way the left, the moderates and the right accept the view that the Third World, viz., Asia, is the new battleground.

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, the debate on the American war in Vietnam has been rather restrained. The teach-ins, while making college students and professors aware of Vietnam's existence, did not affect the course of the war, except as they forced the President to begin formulating a "psywar" position, which first included the use of the word "discussion," then "negotiation," then the enactment of "bombing pauses" which were used in the propaganda arena as evidence of American good faith.

Now the dialogue has changed. Frustrations over the war have caused those who were dubious about the venture to become opponents, and those who were opponents to become resisters. Some will work with part of the Republican party—the Republican Senate Policy Committee, Senator Percy, Governor Romney—which is now beginning to come to grips with the reality that an end to the war can only occur if the NLF is included in the government of South Vietnam. There are others who will engage in acts of resistance—like tax refusal—on the grounds that the war is unconstitutional because it is undeclared.

The students and the poor will be encouraged by their professors and ministers to civilly disobey. Martin Luther King and others in the churches are talking about sanctuary for young people who refuse to go to war. And there will be attempts within the unions to organize local leadership against the war. This will force the cold war labor leadership to be directly challenged by an already disaffected younger generation of labor leaders and workers, who see the older leaders calcified in thought and action.

The legitimacy of the President's actions will continue to be attacked in his own party by those expedient liberals who supported the war so long as an American victory seemed likely. Such liberal leaders as Arthur Schlesinger, who were notably silent when it appeared that the colonial war could succeed, are now in direct conflict with the President. Such opposition can translate into great difficulty for him in the large states and among the middle class, where the argument that the cost is greater than the price carries weight.

On the other hand, as American casualty lists grow longer, and as criticism from the poor, the young, the churches and some segments of business become more militant, we will see that civilian authority will come under direct attack from the military (similar to the situation in Japan in the '30s), if the President does not accede to military demands for "following through" and protecting the immense commitment in American lives, materiel and military prestige. The Armed Services Committees of the House and Senate, through their respective chairmen, Rivers and Russell, will support the military's demands for "saving its honor" by finding an objective equal to its commitment. As Senator Russell Long pointed out on the Senate floor, it would be better to lose to China, a great power, than to the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese, a weak and minor force in the world.

Meanwhile, the military is already calling the shots. In hearings on the American military posture and defense authorization bill, General Johnson, the chief of staff of the Army, was asked by a senior member of the House Armed Services Committee, Congressman Philbin, whether there were differences between the secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. General Johnson responded by saying that at the time General Westmoreland developed his requirements for forces in 1967, "He asked for the highest levels of force; *he got substantially that force level.*"

The President, in the context of a war situation, with its swollen defense requirements and its inherent irrationality, balances the books with the Joint Chiefs virtually every day. Recommendations which they make cannot be avoided. If, for example, the generals ask for "x," the President must either give them "x" or some part of it. He cannot avoid giving them something, nor can he establish a radically different frame of reference once they have made their demands. With the legislative access that they now have to Congress and with the security of four-year terms, the Joint Chiefs' power becomes greater and more independent.

A CROSSFIRE of political pressures will force the President to see the war, not in terms of abstractions about fighting communism, balance of power, freedom for the people in South Vietnam, or reunification of Vietnam, but rather in terms of Presidential authority to control the military. The Korean war taught that lesson. As Max Lerner pointed out in *America as a Civilization:*

> In the struggle between President Truman and General MacArthur during the Korean war, the issue was not the merit of the strategic ideas of the two men but the question of where the final decision lay. In this sense the episode marked a constitutional crisis. MacArthur had strong popular support, which made President Truman's challenge to him an act of courage and seemed for a time to open the possibility of civil strife. But the tradition of civilian control proved too strong to be overthrown.

The crisis of "who is boss" in the United States will occur. If the President and the Congress work with the military in "following through," it will mean that the military system will

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be able to effectively dictate to civilian authority the terms that it can or cannot accept in this war. In the summer of 1967, it is clear that power which resided in Secretary McNamara is in the process of erosion. He no longer serves as the mediator between the President and the Joint Chiefs. The Joint Chiefs as a group meet more and more frequently with the President directly when they do not receive satisfaction from McNamara.

It was bound to happen. General MacArthur made the dialectics of wartime military-civilian relations clear in testimony before the Senate Armed Services and Senate Foreign Relations Committees in 1951:

> The general definition which for many decades has been accepted was that war was the ultimate process of politics; that when all other political means failed, you then go to force; and when you do that, the balance of control, the balance of concept, the main interest involved, the minute you reach the killing stage, is the control of the military. A theatre commander in any campaign is not merely limited to the handling of his troops; he commands that whole area politically, economically, and militarily. You have got to trust at that stage of the game when politics fails, and the military takes over, you must trust the military, or otherwise you will have the system that the Soviet once employed of the political commissar, who would run the military as well as the politics of the country.

The continuation of the war means that the military will be able to dictate or shape our future foreign policies in Asia and blackmail civilian society because of large-scale military commitments. The U.S. in support of the Vietnam war has sent 45,000 troops to Thailand, increased its Army in Korea to 55,000, enlarged its military and National Security missions to Laos, Indonesia, and Japan. That sort of commitment is the long-term problem of the American empire in Asia.

Ironically, Lyndon Johnson may soon find that the only alternative to increasing military control may be a settlement of the war on terms he now rejects. The President may find that the NLF, perhaps in coalition with elements represented by Thich Tri Quang, will have to be recognized in order to save civilian authority—by definition his own—over the military in the United States. Short of recognizing the NLF and including them in a coalition government, there is no way to end the war. Conversely, there is no way of winning the war short of allowing the American military establishment henceforth to dictate war and peace to the President, the Congress, and by extension, to the American people.

Will President Johnson, Secretary McNamara or their successors be forced to cope with a mutiny of the military establishment similar to that which occurred in France in 1958 because the public and civilian authority wanted to stop the war and the military commitment had become too great? That is the tragic question the American society now faces, as time runs out.

Invasion Plans: Since the Pentagon sees Southeast Asia as a "theatre of war," it has contingency plans to invade south Laos and North Vietnam.

[OUR OWN "BERLIN WALL"]

IT WAS DURING A PARTY for young Americans in Vientiane that I first heard of the current United States plan to invade Laos. I was standing with two sober young men of the International Voluntary Service and a much too sober brunette with a pouting mouth. They were talking politics—war politics.

"Now take the Savannakhet-Tchepone road. We've *got* to get more forward area people out along that road." Palefaced, bespectacled, almost anemic looking, the young man spoke with conviction and no small amount of authority.

"That road has got to be protected at all costs, and I mean all the way to the border, eventually. We can't pull out *any*where along that road. If Thai troops start moving across Laos, that road has to be secure." His companions agreed, solemnly. The road had to be secured. Otherwise those Thai troops would not be able to advance to the Vietnamese border without crippling losses.

Thai troops? To the Vietnamese border? Crossing *Laos*?

This was not the last time I was to hear a discussion about invading southern Laos. I heard it in pieces from other Americans, from a foreign national working at the Embassy, from Western diplomats, from the Vientiane representative of the communist-led Pathet Lao, from a Thai government official, from junior officers on General Westmoreland's Saigon staff.

In terms of forces to be employed, the accounts varied from an invasion by Thai troops with Royal Lao and CIA air support, to a joint attack by U.S. and Thai ground forces supported by Thai and American planes.

In terms of the immediate invasion objective, the accounts coincided—control of Route 9, the road from Savannakhet to Tchepone and on to Dong Ha, just below the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone) in South Vietnam. Route 9 is a rough dirt road in Laos, but nonetheless one of only two arteries linking Thailand to the South China Sea. The other, Route 12, runs from Thakhek eastward to the mountains, through the Mu Gia Pass and into North Vietnam (See map, page 21).

In terms of subsequent objectives, the accounts again varied: the objective would be to cut a corridor across Laos into South Vietnam, with the aim of splitting Pathet Lao forces and preparing the occupation of all Pathet Lao-held territory south of Thakhek. This move, if accompanied by an also commonly predicted occupation of parts of northeastern Cambodia, could enable the United States to attack National Liberation Front zones in South Vietnam from the west. This may fit the Pentagon's master military strategy for the "Southeast Asia Theatre," but the version of a Laos invasion likely to gain widest civilian acceptance in America is the more limited objective of maintaining a wide corridor north and south of Route 9—our own "Berlin Wall" across Laos and Vietnam, at least until major forces could be brought to bear on Pathet Lao strongholds in the extreme southeastern provinces.

An American "wall" would facilitate "sealing off" the DMZ and the north-south trails in southeastern Laos and curtailing reinforcement and resupply of North Vietnamese regulars

by David Welsh

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fighting in the South. In addition, the ability to move troops and supplies into the narrow bottleneck around the DMZ, *from the west*, would be useful in the event of a U.S. or allied invasion of southern areas of North Vietnam.

Whatever the ultimate objectives, there is no doubt that the United States has long been actively considering military occupation of Laos territory.

Putting oneself in the position of a military planner, one can, with difficulty, see several purposes to such a plan:

First of all, in any plan to cut off and isolate the estimated 30,000 North Vietnamese regular troops fighting in South Vietnam, the Savannakhet-Dong Ha road is crucial. If it could be controlled (which is doubtful), troops, tanks and supplies could move across Laos in great numbers to more or less seal off not only the north-south trails in Laos, but also the DMZ (attempts heretofore to seal off the DMZ have been hampered by South Vietnam's narrow waist at that point and the necessity to rely to a great extent on air transport).

The Thakhek-Nhommarath road (Route 12) to the Mu Gia Pass into North Vietnam, if it could be secured, would be important for any future invasion of North Vietnam; important principally in controlling the Mu Gia and denying its access to the enemy. But this is very difficult country and no one can conceive of the United States meeting with easy success there.

Invasion of extreme southern Laos, north and northeast of the Bolovens Plateau, *could* improve the U.S. military position against the NLF—just as an invasion of northeastern Cambodia would—by allowing U.S. attacks from the west.

Quite apart from any strategic effect on the fighting in South Vietnam, occupation of southern Laos would, to the extent that it would enable the United States to obtain control of adjacent strips of South Vietnam, give the United States control of a belt of central territory from Thailand to the South China Sea, cutting the operational zone in half. That would constitute our "Berlin Wall."

Recently the Pentagon has sent up trial balloons through friends at the Los Angeles Times and Newsweek to advance such a concept. And the idea has gained support in the ranks of the Senate "doves." Senator Mike Mansfield in mid-April predicted that the establishment of a fortified barrier along the southern fringe of the DMZ to stem the flow of North Vietnamese troops into the South would "eliminate the need for . . . bombing North Vietnam." The Voice of America quoted Mansfield as saying the barrier would be extended through Laos "if that country permits it."

Talk of extending the "barrier" into Laos "if that country permits it" must surely rank as the most naive statement of the year: even if friendly "neutralist," royalist Vientiane did go along, the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese, who control the territory through which the "barrier" would run, certainly would not "permit" it. To carry out the Mansfield proposal would require an invasion of Laos and would mean being mired on still another Asian land battlefield.

The following day, Mansfield told the Senate that construction of a defense line along the DMZ and into Laos could "mark a turning point in the war." He recalled Premier Ky's proposal to fortify along the DMZ to help halt infiltration. Mansfield said he hoped consideration would be given to his earlier idea of extending the defense line, the 45 to 50 miles along the DMZ and an additional 125 miles into Laos (or approximately to the Thai border). Senator Frank Church of Idaho, another well publicized "dove," has also recently given lip service to this "Berlin Wall" concept.

Whether or when the plan will be implemented depends on a number of imponderables. The most important is how we are going to handle the Laotians—for this plan would mean tearing up for all time the Geneva Accords of 1962 which have, until now, been very useful to the U.S. (in providing a "neutralist" cover for our military penetration of Laos). Open invasion, of course, would cause diplomatic and internal difficulties of the most severe order.*

[THE PREPARATIONS]

PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE to enable a Laos invasion to go into effect this year, or in the early months of 1968—although a limiting factor is the wet season, which should in principle restrict any extensive operations between late May and November.

In south Laos, U.S.-led ground and air operations have been intensified since mid-January 1967, particularly along Route 9, along the Thakhek-Mu Gia road and in the valley of the Bang Fai, which also leads eastward towards the Mu Gia. The rate of air attacks from Thai bases on southern Laos alone is now roughly 100 sorties a day. Resistance by the Pathet Lao, assisted by North Vietnamese cadres and gun crews, has stiffened to meet the threat.

In Thailand, U.S. Special Forces and other military advisors are presently training more than 10,000 Thai soldiers in counter-guerrilla warfare, on a "crash" basis. Volunteers are streaming into the camps at Lopburi and in the northeast, and no wonder: an enlisted soldier in this "special" army can earn $150 a month and an officer $1500 a month—fantastic wages for Thailand. If these mercenaries are committed in Laos they will probably be in the uniform of the Royal Lao Army, as are the Thais undergoing Special Forces training in Laos itself.

U.S. Air Force pilots are teaching Thais—also on a "crash" basis—to fly helicopters and T-28 prop fighter-bombers, which have proven dependable in forest and mountain operations. T-28 training is conducted from an airstrip outside Sakon Nakhon and from other strips in the northeast of Thailand. The CIA's Air America is also getting into the act: during February and March, Air America types were busy setting up a center to train Thai pilots in the handling of small cargo planes over hostile and difficult territory.

Moreover, the pattern of U.S.-financed road construction in the northeast seems designed to facilitate movement of troops and materiel to the south Laos border. Priority has been given to improvement of the road from the huge U.S. base at Udon Thani to Sakon Nakhon and of roads from there to Nakhon Phanon (across the Mekong from Thakhek) and to Mukdahan (across the river from Savannakhet).

These measures are clearly not intended to combat the still fledgling, communist-led insurgency in the Thai northeast, at least not for the time being; there are few if any targets to bomb in the northeast now, and few full-time guerrillas to fight. It is not yet clear whether the Thai "special" trainees are

* Los Angeles Times trial balloonist, John Randolph, suggested the answer was for the Laotian "government" to "invite" the U.S. in to build a highway across Laos through Vietnam to the sea—then if the communists attacked we would only be defending an aid project.

Text continued on page 25

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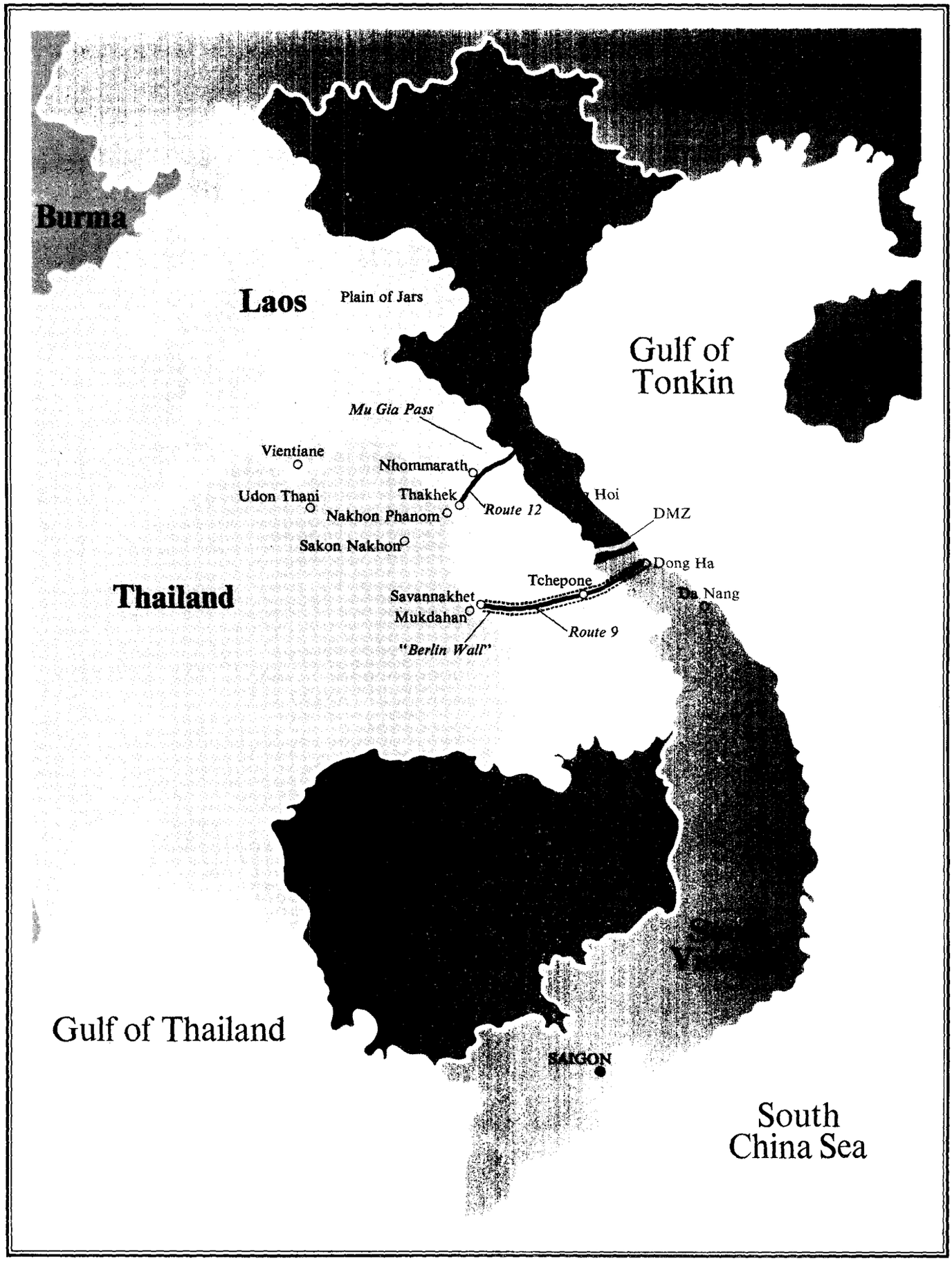

Map by John Williams

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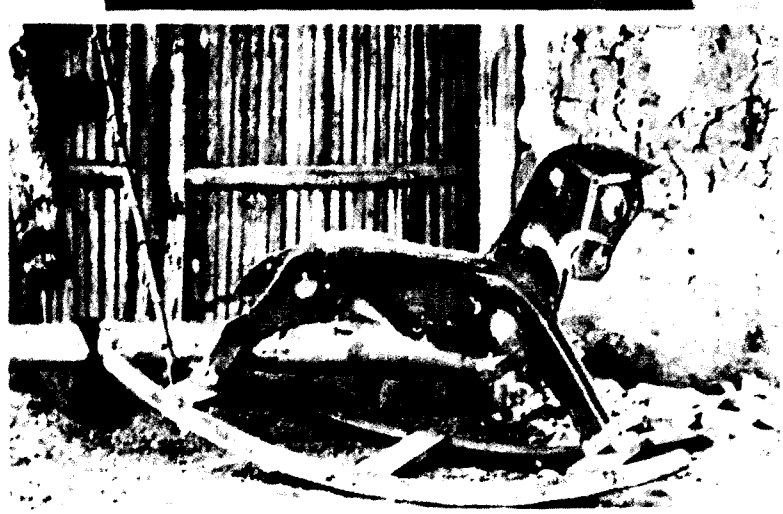
The Face of the Enemy

[*Who get invaded on page 27*]

Photographs of the people of
North Vietnam by Lee Lockwood.

A yo Cath girl i villa near Phat Dier

Women at ork in rice fields of "Victory" operative farm.



Thai Ngu A pe riddl child hobb horse stand befor peasa dwell evaci beca repea anti- perso attac

Phong Loc: Boys crossing a dike on their way to school wear thickly woven hempen helmets to protect their heads from bomb fragmentation.

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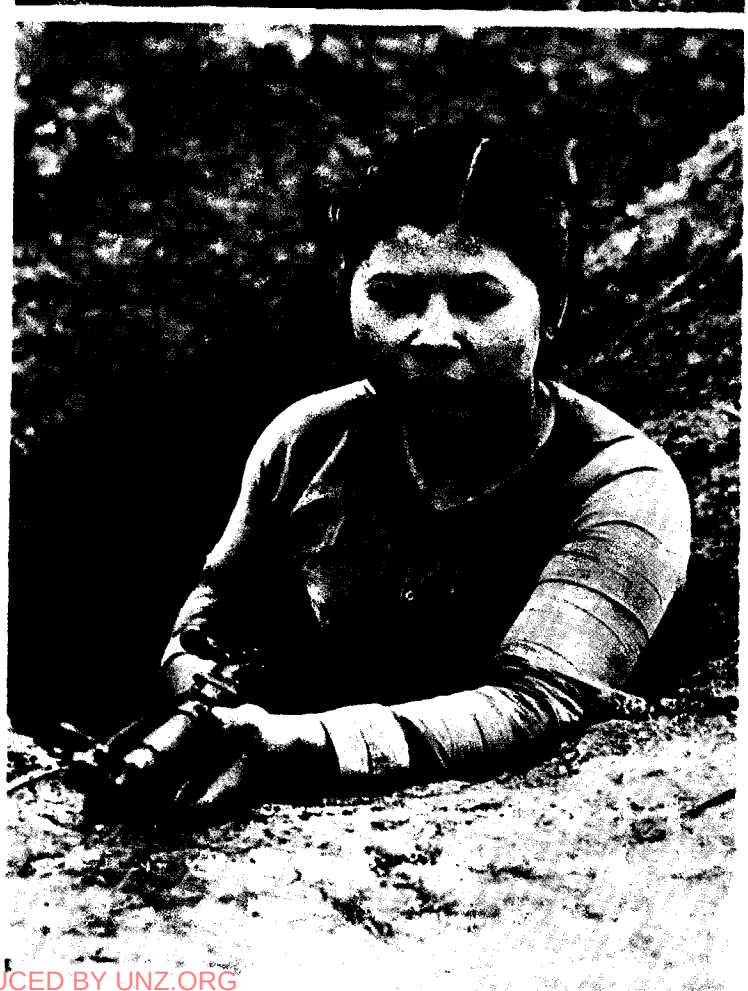
Members of the all-girl militia which protects the Ham Rong bridge, near Thanh Hoa, North Vietnam.



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Pham Van ong, Prime Minister of the overnment of North Vietnam.

Right: Children n doorway of a house of farm illage near Viet Tri. Single hole on wall to left f doorway is a pellet omb scar.

Peasant women on their way to the fields.

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Continued from page 20

destined to fight in Vietnam, or Laos, or both. But Thai infantry, pilots and artillerymen are *already* fighting in north central Laos, and Thai officers are *already* commanding Lao units as military "advisors."

The presence of Thai troops in Laos was first reported by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Richard Dudman in January of 1966. The State Department denied any knowledge of Thai presence there, but Defense Department officials were "fully informed," Dudman said. In addition, Special Forces-trained Thai soldiers have been leading forays against the northwest border of Cambodia.* Laos is an especially suitable theatre for the Thais: they speak practically the same language as the Lao, resemble them in physical appearance and have a history of armed intervention in that country.

One Thai Army officer told me he was looking forward to some combat in the wars next door, because it would give his troops "the experience necessary to control our own communists when the time comes."

Preparations have long been made for heavy air support for an eventual Laos invasion. And the B-52's and Thai-based fighter bombers can be expected to continue their massive bombing, strafing, crop poisoning and forest defoliation activities in southern Laos—invasion or no invasion.

[A SHORT HISTORY OF THE LAOS INVASION PLAN]

DESPITE THE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS to enable an overt troop commitment in Laos, there is no assurance that this course will be adopted. Similar invasion schemes have been on the point of implementation several times in the last six years, but always, to the chagrin of the Pentagon, diplomatic and political considerations forced a postponement.

The idea of dividing the country and setting up a "free" Laos in the south was first hatched in Washington in the late '50s, as the position of right-wing General Phoumi Nosavan and his heavily CIA-subsidized army steadily deteriorated. But it was not considered seriously until 1961-62, when the United States was faced with the utter defeat of Phoumi's army and the prospect of a total Pathet Lao-neutralist takeover. The only alternative appeared to be Pathet Lao participation in a coalition government—something the United States was later forced to accept, at least temporarily.

The invasion plan was to secure a corridor between Thailand and South Vietnam, with occupation of all of Laos south of Thakhek, followed by the installation of a single military command in the three countries. It was so close to adoption that President Kennedy—who at the same time was pledging America's "strong and unreserved support for the goal of a neutral and independent Laos"—approached Senator J. William Fulbright and his Foreign Relations Committee and asked for advice. Should we commit 50,000 U.S. troops, the President asked, to secure a corridor in southern Laos? Fulbright and the committee advised against it: such a course would not only be in overt violation of the 1954 Geneva agreements, which we did not sign but had pledged to uphold, but would sabotage the talks then under way in Switzerland aimed at neutralizing Laos. The plan was subsequently dropped, the 1962 Geneva Accords (setting up a tripartite coalition) were signed, and almost immediately the U.S. Embassy and the CIA began to subvert them. "And that was the last time," Fulbright later told a colleague, "that any President really consulted this committee about Southeast Asian policy."

The decision to abandon the plan did not dampen the ardor of its advocates. Proposals were drawn and redrawn, in Saigon, Vientiane and Washington, in the last half of 1962 and during 1963. The great debate was whether to settle for an east-west division of forces—with the Pathet Lao controlling the east, and rightist forces controlling the western border with Thailand —or to opt for a north-south alignment, with a "free" Lao government in the south headquartered at Savannakhet, and a U.S.-sponsored "neutralist" regime around the strategic Plain of Jars to the north.

The north-south strategy, and all it would necessitate, was once again rejected, in part because a U.S. invasion of the south would almost surely provoke a Pathet Lao-North Vietnamese push to the Mekong in the north, threatening the Thai border. Instead, U.S. policymakers resolved to maintain the shaky status quo, posing as defenders of Lao neutrality while preparing a *coup d'état* at Vientiane, the assassination of Pathet Lao and left-neutralist leaders, and a U.S.-backed military campaign to seize the Plain of Jars.

The invasion idea was revived in 1965, after the decision to gear for full-scale war in Vietnam. This time, the plan was to send in two divisions of U.S. troops to cut Laos in half along a line running from Thakhek on the Mekong to the port of Dong Hoi in North Vietnam. By the end of the year, most of official Vientiane knew about it, and knew that this time, the plan had the highest official sanction in Washington. (According to a Lao source, Senator Stuart Symington told an acquaintance on an Asian visit that the plan was "definitely being considered at that time," adding incongruously, "in case of a Chinese attack on Laos"—the most unlikely of all eventualities.)

The U.S. base at Korat in Thailand was suddenly the scene of an exceptional buildup of troops, tanks and other materiel, including the bridging equipment necessary for Lao operations. The word leaked out of Korat: the buildup was for Laos. D-Day seemed just around the corner, and the Lao government was desperate. Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma, who had once made a heroic attempt to save his country from U.S. domination and preserve its neutrality, but who was now virtually a captive of the United States, at last put his foot down. Overt U.S. violation of the Geneva Accords, added to our long history of *sub rosa* violations, would make his position untenable. Open invasion would strip the last tatters of neutral facade from the royal Lao-American government.

On December 25th, Souvanna wrote to the Associated Press that the invasion, being a violation of Lao neutrality guaranteed by 13 countries at Geneva, could lead to a world war. "So long as I am chief of government," he wrote, "I will not involve my country in this adventure." Washington had not anticipated such independence from the prince.

Even rightists in the government, including many of the Savannakhet generals, opposed the invasion plan: a *real* war in Laos might tend to disturb the flow of profits to their business enterprises. As for the Pathet Lao, they had been absent from the government since April 1963, when the CIA engineered the assassination of neutralist Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena and the attempted rub-out of Prince Soupan-

* These trainees are not to be confused with the 2400-strong Royal Thai Queens Cobras Volunteer Regiment which comprises half Vietnam-bound forces, half draftees.

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ouvong and Phoumi Vongvichit, the two Pathet Lao ministers.

Our Lao ally's unexpectedly strong opposition to the invasion plan, coupled with diplomatic pressure from France and the Soviet Union, forced a reevaluation in Washington and, ultimately, a cancellation. Thus it was in early 1966 that junketing Ambassador Averell Harriman made a surprise detour to Vientiane to assure Souvanna Phouma that there was "no question whatsoever of an American ground invasion." He also said that U.S. troops would not be introduced into Laos, but that wasn't exactly true, either, because there were then and are now thousands of U.S. troops in Laos—safely in civilian clothes.

"The American invasion plan made no sense at all," Prince Souvanna told me recently. "It was infantile. Occupation of Lao territory, with its mountains and dense forests, could have no real usefulness for the American war effort in Vietnam. Moreover, to invade the south would be to deliver the north of Laos into the hands of the communists, and then Thailand would have something to worry about. From any point of view it was a harebrained scheme."

[SOME DRAWBACKS]

BUT ONLY LAST FALL, Westmoreland was urging the adoption of a plan to invade southern Laos as part of an overall intensification of the fighting—contingent upon "appropriate" reinforcements. Westmoreland was also advocating more combat troops, permission to mine rivers and ports, and more bombing North and South. The commander's reasoning was that if you really "make it hurt" up North, the Laos invasion could be safely pulled off; then the U.S. would be in a better position to eventually "seal off" South Vietnam, and to reduce troop movement and supplies across the DMZ and through Laos to the Viet Cong.

My source for this information is low-ranking officers on the General Staff in Saigon who themselves opposed the plan. They said they heard the State Department objected to the plan, that there was a big debate among the Saigon brass about it, and that they'd heard there was a debate in the Pentagon, also. They said Westmoreland made it clear he only favored the plan if he were given sufficient reinforcements to effect it without reducing strength elsewhere. The sources volunteered no information about whether the proposed invasion would involve Thai troops.

Laotians and Europeans who know the physical and political jungles of Laos say the plan is no more intelligent today than it was a year ago, even with the possible substitution of Thai for U.S. troops. Militarily, it would mean engaging Pathet Lao regulars and partisans on their home ground, with a loyal population to back them up. In the country's last reasonably free election, in 1958, the Neo Lao Naksat (political arm of the Pathet Lao) and an allied left-neutralist party won 62 per cent of contested seats in the National Assembly; the U.S. responded by cutting off the Lao government's whopping monthly subsidy and by simultaneously stepping up the flow of arms and money to the right-wing generals. As a direct result of U.S. manipulation, the government was forced to resign, and Pathet Lao ministers were forced out of the shortlived coalition. Since then, support for the Pathet Lao has grown with every passing year. And the Pentagon is still the Pathet Lao's Number One recruiting agent.

This is a people embittered by the continual American bombing of their villages, and the "defoliation" of their rice fields and the forests where they hunt—not only in Pathet Lao strongholds but, "by mistake," in other areas as well. To believe that after two years under a hail of American bombs they would be anything other than sympathetic to the Pathet Lao would be self-deception of the most childish sort. Yet this is precisely what U.S. officials in Vientiane profess to believe. They point to the rice tax levied by the Pathet Lao, and conscription of local youth by PL forces—hardships that are indeed difficult to endure under any circumstances—and go on to claim widespread disaffection in PL-controlled areas. They point to the more than 200,000 refugees who have fled to western Laos to be cared for and resettled by USAID.

I spoke with one of those refugees, offered him a lift in my car on Route 13 between Paksane and Thakhek, and dropped him off at a temporary tent resettlement area by a broken bridge over one of Laos' innumerable streams. He had come there only a few weeks before. He spoke some French, so I asked him about the war. His face, smiling as he entered the car, became a mask, expressionless. "Every day the planes come. People are afraid to work the fields . . . My child lost her leg. . . . We wish they would leave us alone. Sometimes I go out and fight them. Sometimes I shoot at the planes." These are the people fleeing "communism" for a nice, if strange and unfamiliar village in the Free World.

Many of the refugees do not leave their homes voluntarily. Entire villages in the "kill zone" have been forcibly resettled. U.S.-trained commandos, sometimes accompanied by their American advisors, will arrive at a village in the dead of night to escort the peasants, at gunpoint, to their new homes in royal government territory. Wherever possible, an attempt is made to scatter the village population in different resettlement camps. Clearly, this is not an exclusively humanitarian operation. For when your enemy is the entire populace of a region, there is only one alternative to extermination—regroupment. The French tried it in Algeria. The Americans are trying it in South Vietnam.

Southeastern Laos, the projected battleground in the plan to "build a bridge" from Thailand to the sea, is not the most propitious area for military operations. To take it and hold it, in the view of many observers here, would require a heavy investment in combat and support troops, and even then partisan activity in the thick forests and mountains would render it perpetually insecure.

The southeast is also the home of a most effective native guerrilla movement, something of a rarity in Laos. Solidly allied with the Pathet Lao, master of the mountains that ring the Bolovens Plateau, feared by the hapless soldiers of the royal government, the guerrilla movement is led by a Kha tribal aristocrat named Sithone Komadam, whose family has fought the white man for three generations.

But no picture of the difficulties facing any Thai or American invaders would be complete without mentioning the biggest hurdle of them all—the North Vietnamese.

[THE ROLE OF HANOI]

HISTORICALLY, LAOS HAS BEEN a buffer state between mutually hostile powers on her frontiers. Territorial incursions by her neighbors, with several important exceptions, seem to have been motivated more by the military requirement to protect their threatened borders

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than by any desire for permanent conquest of Laos. So it is today. Whatever ambitions the Vietnamese may harbor for eventual domination of Indochina, it is nonetheless an immediate military necessity for North Vietnam to protect her long western border from a hostile neighbor.

The American Embassy has declined direct comment on the number of PAVN troops in Laos, referring reporters to the grossly exaggerated Royal Lao Army estimate of "25,000 regulars," which no reputable observer takes seriously. (U.S. estimates have been as high as 40,000 regulars.) For one thing, there have been few documented reports of combat activity by PAVN *units* in Laos since 1965, and what would be the point of a large garrison if they were not to be used? Besides, the recent history of military stalemate in Laos, at least down to June 1967, shows the existence of possible agreement between Hanoi and Washington not to launch any major ground combat operations in the Lao buffer zone—although the Royal Army and Pathet Lao with the aid of their backers have continued to peck away at each other's territory for temporary military advantage. Under such conditions, Hanoi has no need to station large numbers of regulars in Laos; if the need arose, she could dispatch a division to the Plain of Jars within days.

[PRELUDE TO INVASION OF NORTH VIETNAM??]

SOUVANNA PHOUMA, FOR ALL HIS OBEISANCE to the Americans, is today just as adamantly opposed to a U.S. or U.S.-sponsored invasion of Laos as he was a year ago. "We do not have enough forces to occupy the territory held by the Pathet Lao and Viet Minh," he told me in an interview last March. "But we do not want foreign troops on our soil either. We already have the Vietnamese on our soil and that is enough." U.S. "military attaches" present in Laos number in the thousands, but his point was clear. He was warning the United States to keep its military operations undercover and limited.

An Air America pilot, drinking at a Vientiane bar, was discussing this very matter. "Well, if the prince doesn't want to go along with us," he was saying, "we can just 'coup' him. We've got a war to fight." Happily, the pilot doesn't make policy, and one would think the U.S. would think twice before giving up as good a thing as Souvanna Phouma—particularly since his thinking runs deep even in conservative circles here.

Early this year the arch-conservative president of the National Assembly, Phoui Sananikone, made a very significant speech, although it received virtually no publicity. "In the military field," he said, "I think that what we should do is merely resist the attacks of the traitors (Pathet Lao) and the foreigners who support them (North Vietnamese). This is in order to avoid having the fighting lead to danger and destruction of the country . . . In the political field, we shouldn't forget that in the eyes of the world we are a neutral country. Thus, even if we are obliged to resist enemy aggression blow for blow, we should be careful to keep the fighting from exceeding the limits laid down by the Geneva Accords of 1962." Coming from the same Phoui Sananikone who, as chief delegate to the 1954 Geneva Conference, was known to cooperate with American authorities, and who is commonly rumored to have helped the CIA arrange the assassination of an influential neutralist minister, this was quite an important statement.

"Despite everything," says Souvanna, "the Geneva agreements have a value." It is an opinion shared by the governments of most countries, including apparently those who are covertly violating them. If Laotian neutrality is a fiction, if the Accords have brought no peace to Laos and show no promise of doing so, they have at least served to *limit* the conflict.

Laos, for all it has suffered from the war, is still a buffer state, not a major battleground. Among her neighbors, China, although she does furnish a small amount of aid to the Pathet Lao, is generally conceded to have no territorial designs on Laos—even a ranking official at the U.S. Embassy concedes that. Thailand, while certainly planning to extend her economic and political influence in Laos, is not about to annex her. North Vietnam, despite her troop commitments in Laos, has given no sign of wanting to force a showdown.

But if the U.S.-Thai axis invades Laos, all that could change. Practically all knowledgeable observers are agreed that North Vietnam would act forcefully to meet the threat: first by confronting the invasion in the south, and then by pushing to the Mekong in the north. The United States would thus find itself mired not on one but on *two* additional fronts—northern Laos and southern Laos; even if Thai troops alone invaded, the U.S. would sooner or later have to intervene to bail them out. What, then, could be the purpose of such a plan?

Is it possible, for example, that Washington intends to provoke a direct confrontation between U.S./Thai and PAVN troops in Laos? And is it possible that by presenting the attack as a *riposte* to "North Vietnamese aggression," Washington will then have a convenient pretext for invading North Vietnam? We have seen self-destructive impulses given free rein before. And indeed plans exist, under active consideration, for the invasion of North Vietnam.

[TENTATIVE PLANS FOR THE INVASION OF NORTH VIETNAM]

LAST YEAR THE GENERAL STAFF IN SAIGON completed a study of ideal places to launch an invasion of the North and concluded that the best *modus operandi* was an amphibious landing on the coast in the vicinity of Vinh, about 150 or 160 miles north of the DMZ. Vinh is an important port on the Song Ca River, a few miles inland from the South China Sea. It also sits astride Highway One, the main north-south highway, and is generally conceded to be one main point of origin of convoys moving into Laos en route to South Vietnam over the "Ho Chi Minh Trail."

Since then the situation has been restudied and Dong Hoi, one of North Vietnam's principal ports on the South China Sea about 45 miles north of the DMZ, is now the preferred landing place. Dong Hoi is another key terminal point for infiltration both across the DMZ and through Laos. From Route One (which runs through Dong Hoi), convoys run south-southwesterly along Route 103 to Route 102, which runs east and west just north of the DMZ and into Laos (where it becomes route 92). U.S. bombing along Routes 103, 102 and 92 has been extensive. In the past year, most overland movements of supplies to the South have been across the DMZ; before that the Ho Trail was more extensively used.*

Almost every day since mid-February, warships of the

* The Ho Trail was never used to the extent the United States claims. Before the escalation in 1965, the Viet Cong units in the South were infinitely more self-sufficient than they are now. The Ho Trail continues to be used for troop movements.

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Seventh Fleet have been shelling the southern part of the North Vietnam coast (the northern part of the coast, from south of Haiphong to the Chinese border, has been off-limits to them—this is another of the restrictions that annoys the Saigon high command). Main targets have been near Dong Hoi, Vinh and Thanh Hoa. (Vinh, for example has been practically destroyed by air and naval bombardment.) Naval shelling would necessarily be an important preparation for any such invasion. In this connection, China News, the English-language paper on Taiwan, reported on March 25 that Peoples' China is now supplying heavy coastal guns to Hanoi (heretofore they had supplied mainly infantry weapons and light artillery).

One objective of the plan to attack by sea at Dong Hoi would be to seize control of an enclave around the port and fortify it well enough to be able to secure it. This would enable the United States to say, at the time of eventual negotiations, "All right, you withdraw your troops from the South, and we shall withdraw our troops from the North." It is the type of maneuver U.S. policymakers have continually employed.

General Nguyen Van Thieu, South Vietnam's head of state, said in mid-April that if Hanoi continued its "aggression," South Vietnam would bomb Hanoi and invade the North, repeating a pledge Premier Ky had made earlier.

A North Vietnamese representative told me his country has known of the existence of an invasion plan for some time. He said that although Hanoi did not believe the attack would ever come off, active preparations to meet it had nonetheless been undertaken. The representative claimed his country also knew of U.S. contingency plans to invade the port of Haiphong by sea—and to invade the southern tip of the country across the mountains from Laos. He said that preparations had also been made to meet these eventualities.

The existence of a U.S. plan to attack Dong Hoi is commonly accepted in diplomatic circles in Phnom Penh; no one cared to speculate, however, about the possibilities of its adoption. The question immediately arises: what would China do?

Sources with governmental contacts in Peking and Hanoi say categorically that the Chinese have firmly assured Hanoi that the moment North Vietnam requests Chinese combat troops they shall have them. Immediately.

The sources explained that neither Peking nor Hanoi appeared to relish the idea of Chinese troops fighting in Vietnam, and that North Vietnam would not be likely to request them so long as she felt capable of handling the situation alone. They added, however, that if North Vietnam believed she could not contain the invaders without assistance, or if, as in Korea, the invading troops began to approach the Chinese border, then Hanoi would not hesitate to make the request and Peking would not hesitate to comply with it. But the sources said that neither the Chinese nor the North Vietnamese leadership had any confidence that the USSR would materially intervene in the event of a limited-objective U.S. invasion of North Vietnam.

[A 20-YEAR WAR AGAINST CHINA?]

DURING THE MANILA CONFERENCE LAST YEAR, a U.S. government official overheard a conversation between President Johnson and Premier Ky. "You know, Mr. President," the official quoted Ky as saying, "there can be no solution to the war until China is destroyed." Johnson put his hand on Ky's shoulder and replied, "All good things in their time, my friend."

Whether that story is apocryphal or not, it is common Washington knowledge that the right wing of the Pentagon has been pushing to bomb China for some time—particularly since China's advent as a nuclear power. The revival of the manned strategic aircraft program (nuclear bombers), and the rapid acceleration by the United States in research, development and production of chemical, biological and radiological weapons have been interpreted by military analysts in Asia as preparations for the contingency of war with China.

A senior American diplomat in Southeast Asia told me he had frequently discussed with his colleagues a United States plan to launch a conventional, 20-year war of attrition against China. He said the plan was founded on the assumption that the Soviet-American nuclear *entente* could be maintained, and that the Soviet Union would not intervene militarily.

The principal weapon in the "20-Year War," as it has come to be known, would be an economic blockade of China. The diplomat said that the objective of the land and naval blockade would be to "starve her out." He added that the employment of conventional bombs and airdropped gases and germs in China was also being contemplated as part of the plan.

The immediate focus of U.S. policy is to build up a vise around China independent of what happens in the Vietnam war, the diplomat said. From east to west in an arc around China's most populated areas, we have a ring of more or less impregnable bases—South Korea, Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand—not to speak of Guam or Hawaii to the east. At each of these bases are stationed considerably more military forces, more planes and more hardware than would be required either for territorial defense or for the prosecution of the Vietnam war.

South Vietnam, which we have no prospect of being able to control in the foreseeable future, is not seen as a stable base from which to conduct the "20-Year War." The diplomat said there was a contingency plan to move large numbers of U.S. troops from South Vietnam to Thailand, in the event the military solution in Vietnam continues bleak. In that eventuality, the kind of offensive operations now under way in the South would be curtailed and a gradual shift to a defensive strategy effected. Geographical advantages contribute to making Thailand our bastion for the "20-Year War." Control of Thailand enables the United States to control the Malay Peninsula and the ocean on both sides of it, which would facilitate any efforts to impose a naval blockade on China.

"The 20-Year War is in search of a pretext." The American diplomat talked as if this war had a life of its own, independent of the men who may be planning it. If he is right—if these views prevail in Washington, if our immediate policy goal is not so much to win the Vietnam war as to prepare a war with China—then the proposals to invade Laos and North Vietnam suddenly take on a different color. For if the objective is not immediate military gain in Vietnam or even Laos, if the proposed invasions of Laos and North Vietnam are mere ruses, however costly, to provoke a direct confrontation with China on Vietnamese territory, then all the military and political drawbacks no longer have much relevance for the planners in Washington and it is only the arguments of power and counter-power to which our leaders will respond. And power, as one of the protagonists has explained, still grows out of a gun.

June 15, 1967, Vientiane

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER & HIS WIFE

TWO ACTS OF WAR SEPARATED BY A TRUCE FOR REFRESHMENT,

THIS BEING ACT I

by Peter Ustinov

The curtain rises on a stage bare but for a moment under dust sheets. There are a couple of television cameras, protected by shiny plastic covers against the rain. SOLDIERS, at ease, stand with their backs to the audience. They are wearing camouflage gas-capes. The setting and the costuming are left to the discretion of the director throughout, the only admonition of the author being that the action should be as fluid and theatrical as possible. Any excess of the imagination is an error on the right side.

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Costume Sketches by Motley

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A NEW ARRIVAL *makes his way to the front of the stage. He carries a bugle. A* SOLDIER *at the end of the line approaches the* NEWCOMER *purposefully. He is the* SERGEANT.

SERGEANT: Bugler, you're late.

BUGLER: (*Who will later be known as 35914*) Sorry, Sar'nt. See, owing to the rain . . .

SERGEANT: I don't want to hear no shudderin' excuses. The plugin' facts speak for themselves, got me? You're on a charge.

BUGLER: Yes, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Don't you answer back, or I'll make it stiflin' for you!

BUGLER: Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Now. On the signal bein' given, you play what?

BUGLER: Last Post.

SERGEANT: Last Post what?

BUGLER: *The* Last Post.

SERGEANT: *The* Last Post what? (*Pause, the* BUGLER *is perplexed*) Bugler, I am waitin'. *The* Last Post what?

BUGLER (*Tentative*) *The* Last Post, Sar'nt?

SERGEANT: That's better. Now, when I raise my right hand in this manner here, you will raise your bugle to what?

BUGLER: My lips, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Now we're getting somewhere at last. You will then play the aforesaid piece of music in a manner appropriate to what type of occasion?

BUGLER: Sad occasion, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Dodderin' dummit — you don't bleedin' remember, do you? I'll try again. What type of occasion?

BUGLER: Melancholic occasion, Sar'nt?

SERGEANT: One more fancy word out of you, and I'll put you under arrest! Do I convey my meanin'?

BUGLER: Yes, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: As you were, then. We'll try again. What manner of occasion? (*Silence . . . Shouting*) A solemn occasion, you half-cock! (*He inclines his head as though tuning a delicate instrument*) Appropriate to what?

BUGLER: A solemn occasion, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: What is appropriate to a solemn occasion then?

BUGLER: The way I play my bugle, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: The way you play what on your bugle, Bugler?

BUGLER: The Last Post, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Got that in yer 'ead, have you?

BUGLER: Yes Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: You're not very bright, are you?

BUGLER: No Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Well, we can't all be bright, can we?

BUGLER: No Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: That's better. At ease. As you were! At ease. As you were! (*The* GENERAL *walks over. The* SERGEANT *comes to a thunderous attention*) Bugler present and correct, Sah!

GENERAL: Good. Good. Try and keep the noise down.

SERGEANT: I impressed that on the Bugler, Sir.

GENERAL (*With a sad, occasional smile*) Good man. You will start playing the Last Post when the Sergeant here gives you the signal. I want you to play it as though you really meant it, as befits a sad occasion.

SERGEANT: And solemn, with your permission, Sir.

GENERAL: And solemn. Yes indeed. And solemn. His Grace the Archbishop should be here at any moment. I am told his address to the nation will take about twenty minutes, which is a little longer than I had bargained for. It means we'll have to be right on our toes at the military end—otherwise it'll be a virtual certainty that the program will overlap into Children's Hour, which follows us at five sharp.

SERGEANT (*Shocked*) Good gracious me, Sir, if I may make so bold—it's a bit shocking, isn't it? I mean, it's not as though we bury the Unknown Soldier every day, is it? I should have thought it'd do the nippers good to see the ceremony. After all, Sir, they'll be doin' their military service soon enough . . .

GENERAL: O certainly, Sergeant, I quite agree. The television boys have been most cooperative, and I'm sure, if the need arises, they'll let us run over. (*A disheveled* MAN *has entered, and is surreptitiously passing out pamphlets to the* TROOP)

SERGEANT: Hullo—oh, it's you again, is it? Not content with four years in the fluting brig for desertion, you got to come here of all places with yer filthy coward-like ideas. Get out of it!

REBEL (*Laughing*) Still in good voice, Sergeant? That's what I like to hear. Care for a pamphlet?

SERGEANT: Right! Any man takes a bit of paper from this stinking rebel's under arrest, got it?

GENERAL (*Returning*) What seems to be the matter, Sergeant? Oh Lord, another troublemaker.

REBEL: Another troublemaker? *The* troublemaker! Don't pretend you don't remember me. I foresaw everything that was going to happen, didn't I? I foretold it all, step by step, with painful and thankless accuracy. I lived ahead of my times, because I was an artist, which meant I took a long view of the world and a short view of life. At Knossos, in the shadow of the blue hills, you had your first taste of me, didn't you? And you reacted as a soldier should. You ran me through . . . from the back. The last words I remember before I died—"Death is too good for this man!" But, as usual, you hadn't the imagination to think of a punishment more fitting to my crime.

GENERAL: The last words you remember before you died? Knossos? What the devil are you talking about?

REBEL: You remember. You remember Knossos. The 118th legion.

GENERAL (*With a raucous laugh—out of character*) We thrashed the Oswingoths! A hollow victory! (*Guiltily he passes his hand over his forehead*)

REBEL (*In triumph*) You do remember!

SERGEANT (*Fuming*) Christmas, Sir, let me get at 'im!

REBEL: Christmas hadn't been thought of yet, but it was imminent. It was imminent.

GENERAL (*Sober, but decided*) Go away, before it's too late.

REBEL: They tell me things have changed, Maximus Severus. They say this is a Public Park. There's even a rumor this is a free country.

SERGEANT (*Losing his head*) That's right. It's a free country. You're free to come 'ere, and I'm free to spread your guts on the lawn. (*The* REBEL *lies down*) What are you lying down for, you dung droppin'? Frightened, are you?

GENERAL: Sar'nt!

REBEL: Passive resistance.

SERGEANT: Suits me. (*He begins kicking the motionless form of the* REBEL, *shouting—*) It's a free country! I'll show you . . . how free it is . . .

GENERAL (*Not moving*) Sar'nt! Sar'nt! (*A pretty little* WOMAN *enters. She is in the last stages of pregnancy*)

WIFE: Stop it! (*The* SERGEANT, *who didn't stop for the* GENERAL, *stops for a woman*)

GENERAL: Sergeant! You disobeyed an order!

SERGEANT (*Aghast*) I did? I can't think how it happened, Sir. I was provocated. (*His sense of duty wins over his ability to find excuses. He stands stiffly*) Permission to put myself under arrest, Sah!

GENERAL (*Absently*) I'll deal with you later. (*To the* WIFE) The Public Enclosure is over there, Madam . . . that is, if you have a green ticket.

WIFE: I don't need a ticket.

GENERAL: I'm afraid you do.

WIFE: I've a perfect right to be here. Whoever heard of a widow being kept away from her husband's funeral?

GENERAL: I don't think you understand, Madam. This is the Funeral of the Unknown Soldier.

WIFE: I know. That is the exact description of my husband.

GENERAL: But this is the burial of no specific person, Madam. It is a symbolic ceremony.

WIFE: There's a body, isn't there? It must have been alive once.

GENERAL: Of course, but it was selected because it was unrecognizable.

WIFE: That's him! I knew it. He was never recognized by anyone—his face, his character, his personality—it was always the same.

GENERAL (*Tactful*) I sympathize with you in your great sorrow, naturally—but I feel bound to point out—

WIFE: Oh, spare me your sympathy, man. I've no great sorrow. How the hell can you keep it up after all these centuries? No, I'm just bloody irritated by now. I've had enough of it. Dragging my feet under the weight of the child of an unknown father. Standing in line endlessly to claim my pension, filling in forms—and it wasn't always like that. One thing about the Welfare State, it does give you the benefit of the doubt, even if you can't buy anything with the money they give you. But before—well, it was the poorhouse or the

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brothel as often as not . . .

REBEL: Poor Virginia.

WIFE: Virginia? Nobody's called me that for centuries!

REBEL: It is your name, isn't it?

WIFE: Not now it isn't . . . but I think it must have been once.

REBEL: I thought so. I don't recognize your face, that's too much to expect . . . but I recognize you condition . . . (*A fierce gleam of sunshine suddenly breaks through the rainclouds. They all notice it. Seconds later, the* ARCHBISHOP, *in full regalia, plunges onto the stage. He is also conscious of the change in the weather*)

ARCHBISHOP: Ah! (*Touched by a minor grace*) I can't help but consider it significant that, at the very moment of my appearance at this scene of ennobling sorrow, a light from above should be shed upon us.

GENERAL: Yes indeed, Sir.

ARCHBISHOP (*Down to earth*) In any case, even if there's nothing in it, I believe it will benefit the television.

GENERAL: Oh, undoubtedly, Your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP: 12 million is the latest figure, I hear.

GENERAL: 12 million?

ARCHBISHOP: 12 million viewers. The experts estimate you will have the highest rating of the century, with the possible exception of the Olympic Games.

GENERAL: Well, I must say, Your Grace, that does tend to restore one's faith in certain values which—

ARCHBISHOP (*A little tartly*) I am making allusion to that in my address.

REBEL: D'you remember a time before television was invented? (*The* ARCHBISHOP *is mystified as to the whereabouts of the last speaker*)

GENERAL: I must apologize, Your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP (*Spotting the* REBEL *on the ground*) Oh dear, another poor unfortunate who has suffered beyond his means in the recent war, no doubt. We must never lack the humility to minister to those who may possibly find comfort in our words. (*Adopting a gentle tone*) Yes, indeed I do remember a time before television was invented, my good man.

REBEL: How did you communicate with your flock then?

ARCHBISHOP: It was more difficult, but it was possible. It always has been possible, otherwise we wouldn't all be here today, as Christians. There was the radio.

REBEL: And before that?

ARCHBISHOP: The pulpit.

REBEL: And before that?

ARCHBISHOP: The market place.

REBEL: And before that?

ARCHBISHOP: The wayside shrine.

REBEL: And before that?

ARCHBISHOP (*Puzzled*) Before that?

REBEL: Before the Cross? Before the Scriptures?

ARCHBISHOP (*Gravely*) There was no before that for me . . . just darkness.

REBEL (*Rising*) Darkness? There was a fierce ray of sunlight then, after the rain, at Knossos. You gazed at the sky . . . at a black cloud with the silver sun edging it's way behind it . . . when it shook itself free, blinding us, you rushed among us, shouting—

ARCHBISHOP (*A great shout—out of character*) Victory Is Ours! Great is Mars, and we are his greatness! (*He grips his head as though in pain*) I do beg your pardon. I don't know what came over me . . .

GENERAL: I know, Your Grace, the same thing happened to me just now—

WIFE (*Who has been staring at the* ARCHBISHOP, *slowly*) Oh, now I remember you—Every time it happened, there you were, right on me, with that sickly smile of consolation.

ARCHBISHOP (*A little taken aback. Icily*) Some widows have found the consolation I am able to offer a fount of strength and wisdom.

WIFE: How d'you know I'm a widow? I'm not even dressed as one.

ARCHBISHOP: I thought you said—

WIFE: I haven't opened my mouth since you arrived.

ARCHBISHOP: Well, your presence here . . . I must have assumed . . .

WIFE: I don't believe you. You remember, don't you?

REBEL: Of course he remembers.

ARCHBISHOP: Vaguely . . . I must admit . . .

GENERAL (*Uneasy*) Do be careful, Your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP: Careful? Why?

GENERAL: I sense a trap.

REBEL: That's unusual for a military man.

SERGEANT (*Suddenly roaring*) What's that then! That man! What you got on your feet? (*They all direct their looks at the* MAN *at whom the* SERGEANT *is pointing*)

14768: Boots, Sar'nt.

SERGEANT: Call them boots? Look more like shiftin' sandals to me. Gold shiftin' sandals like bleedin' Cinderella!

35914: We've all got the same, Sar'nt. They look like boots to us.

GENERAL: Regiment! Regiment, abo-out turn! (*The line of* MEN *turn to face the audience*) Now look here, men . . . I know it's been a long war—

SERGEANT (*Beside himself*) Why argue with the chipped marbleheads? A swagger-stick round the vulnerables, that's what they're asking for!

GENERAL (*Aside*) Sergeant, I'll send you to the psychiatrist if you go on like this.

SERGEANT (*Quavering*) Oh no, Sir, anything but that!

GENERAL: You just can't talk like that any more in this day and age. Next thing, we'll have a strike on our hands.

71696: I can only say, Sir, speakin' I believe for all the men, when we put them on this morning, they looked like boots to us. (*The* MEN *agree*)

GENERAL: And do they look like boots to you now?

14768: No, Sir, but we was up half the night polishin' the ponderous things, the way the Sergeant likes them, so he can see his face in them in the mornin'.

REBEL: Narcissus.

SERGEANT (*As though someone had called his name—out of character*) Yes? Did someone call me?

ARCHBISHOP: Em . . . I neither wish to add to the present perplexities, General . . . nor do I wish to interfere with matters purely military . . . but in the interest of truth, I feel bound to draw your attention to your own footwear.

GENERAL: Good heavens! *The* GENERAL *too is wearing golden sandals*)

WIFE: Phew, it's hot . . . (*The* WIFE *takes her coat off, and immediately loses her pregnancy. She wears a flimsy and seductive Roman tunic. The* SOLDIERS *whistle*)

SERGEANT: What's going on here? Sir! That woman! She's lost her child!

WIFE (*Hotly*) I never lost a child! I lost a husband but I never lost a child! I'm a peasant. I've got a pride in my job. I just haven't started a child, that's all. I haven't met Julian yet.

SERGEANT (*Electrified*) Julian! That moon-struck molecule! I'll tie a lover's-knot with his arms and throw him in the Tiber if I ever lay my tentacles on him.

WIFE (*Violent*) I'll stuff your short-sword up your scabbard first!

GENERAL: Sergeant! Pull yourself together! Tell the men to remove their gas-capes.

SERGEANT: Sah! Stand by to remove gas-capes. Gas-ca-a-apes, re-move! (*The* SOLDIERS *remove their gas-capes. They are dressed as Roman legionnaires underneath. General surprise*)

REBEL: The crowd! It's vanished!

GENERAL (*Pale*) Vanished?

ARCHBISHOP: The television cameras are still there!

REBEL: Cameras? Those aren't cameras. Those are our regimental eagles, piled for the night. (*Sudden laughter from the* SOLDIERS *while the* REBEL *rips off his coat, to reveal the uniform of a legionary like the others*)

GENERAL (*On the verge of panic*) What are you all laughing at?

35914: The clothes you wear, Maximus Severus. You dress like a barbarian.

GENERAL: A barbarian? (*Suddenly tremendous, changing in character in spite of himself*) I'm in command here! Put your uniforms on at once! We're on the air in half an hour! (*Nothing happens*) Sergeant, arrest them all!

SERGEANT (*Compassionate*) Your wits are frayed by the weight of your decision, Maximus Severus. Pray to the goddess of the night for rest free from phantoms.

GENERAL (*To the* ARCHBISHOP. *Hysterical*) Help us, Your Grace. Pray for sanity!

ARCHBISHOP (*Serious*) I have been asked to pray for prowess in war and wealth and potency, but never have I been asked to pray for sanity. (*He begins rocking with laughter, in which the* MEN *join. He takes off his mitre, and throws it gaily into the air and out of sight*)

GENERAL: You too? Oh my God.

ARCHBISHOP (*Abruptly stern and menacing*) What was that? God—in the singular? Beware of thunderbolts, my poor misguided boy. Jove is indeed King of Olympus, Father of the gods, but in flattering him it is unwise, most unwise, to ignore the others.

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GENERAL (*Hardly audible*) The others?

ARCHBISHOP (*Nods sagely*) Let us pray. O Mighty Mars, Creator of widows, fount of tears, lend us your ear in your infinite mercilessness, and hear our prayer. Give us this day our daily victim, and teach us to kill without compassion, so that our civilizing mission may go unhindered by cries of mercy or the yells of the despoiled. Blind us to charity, and deafen us to entreaty, for ever, and ever. Amen. (*The* GENERAL *rips off his cape. He wears a victor's laurels. He throws off his great coat. He is dressed as a Roman general*)

GENERAL (*All smiles*) Was that a good joke, men?

CHORUS: A very good joke, Maximus Severus. (*He acknowledges their cheers like an untrustworthy modern wrestler. Quietly, a young* ROMAN *wanders onto the stage*)

SERGEANT (*Stern*) Where have you been, Julian?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: There are flowers in this valley which bloom late . . . little flowers we don't have in Italy . . . without much color, but with a strong and wholesome smell . . . (*He cups his hand to smell them better*)

GENERAL: Which end of the valley?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: The far end, among the olive trees.

GENERAL: Where the enemy lies encamped?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Pleasant*) Yes. Exactly there. I talked to their sentries. (*A murmur of excitement*)

GENERAL (*Holding up his hand for silence*) Dressed in your uniform?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Smiling*) Oh yes, I haven't changed.

71696: Our Julian, a hero!

GENERAL: In what language did you converse?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: In the language of signs. Men can always make themselves understood if they want to badly enough.

GENERAL (*Excited*) Well, man, out with it! What did you find out? Will they attack tomorrow?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Laughing*) Oh no, I wouldn't have known how to frame such a question. And even if I could have done, I wouldn't have been able to make head or tail of the answer.

GENERAL (*Irritated*) Did you see nothing, at least?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Oh yes. It's amazing the way the olive trees go almost into the sea down there. I've never seen olive trees grow so close to salt water.

GENERAL (*Frankly annoyed*) But the tents? The activity?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Tents? Yes, I saw quite a few, but I didn't like to look too closely.

GENERAL: Why on earth not?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: There were people inside them. They may have been undressing.

GENERAL (*An explosion*) Great gods! What did you talk about then?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: About flowers.

GENERAL: I don't belive it!

SERGEANT (*Taking over from the defeated* GENERAL) How many of them did you kill, Julian?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Me? I didn't kill any. We found we had a common interest, you see.

SERGEANT: Imperial Rome is at war, man! You know damn well that it is your sacred duty to kill the other fellow before you have time to find out if you have a common interest or not!

GENERAL (*Taking over again, with terrible patience*) Julian, I'll give you one last chance to try and understand the meaning of military discipline. I do this only because it takes great physical courage to go up to a Barbarian in the uniform of a Roman legionary the way you did.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Why?

GENERAL: The first lesson, Julian, is . . . never ask questions.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: How will I ever learn if I don't ask questions?

GENERAL: There you are utterly and completely wrong. In order to obey orders, it is best to know nothing. To know everything is impossible, and to know something is merely confusing.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Since you say it is impossible to know everything, and since you know more than me, it follows that you must know something.

GENERAL (*Tense*) You are losing your last chance, Julian. Stupidly. You are losing it stupidly. Your general tells you that field is red, soldier. What is your reply?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Which field?

GENERAL (*Succumbing to his exasperation*) That field. Any field. They're all red!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*After a moment*) I suppose it is—sometimes—when the sun is setting.

GENERAL (*Roaring*) Not when the sun is setting. Now! Now!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Rational*) No, Sir, not now. Now the field is green.

SERGEANT (*Howling*) Idiot!

GENERAL (*After a moment*) Julian, watch this. Your general tells you that field is red. What color is that field?

CHORUS: Red!

GENERAL: Now do you understand?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Contemplating the field*) It hasn't made it any redder, if that's what you mean, General.

GENERAL (*With a hopeless gesture*) Take him away, and kill him as an example.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Since I'm the most stupid, General, who can I be an example to? They all think the field is red.

WIFE (*In a sudden outburst*) How can you say that field is red? That's blasphemy, you know, to change the color of Jove's green fields without permission. (*The* GENERAL *hadn't thought of that. He looks uneasily at the* ARCHBISHOP)

ARCHBISHOP (*Ill at ease*) The pretty thing may be right. Jove's huge ear is everywhere. (*The stage grows darker*) See that black thundercloud which has come between us and the sun? The weather is but the changing mood of the Father of the gods.

GENERAL (*Calling to Heaven*) Smile on us, Jove! I meant nothing by my words! The field is green!

ARCHBISHOP: See how the top left corner of the cloud suddenly turns down.

GENERAL: Yes . . . Yes, I do . . . like the tongue of a dying bull.

ARCHBISHOP: More like a downturned thumb at some celestial games.

WIFE (*With trance-like authority*) Julian Must Not Die! (*They all glance at her; then back at the sky*)

ARCHBISHOP: See, the thumb begins to turn up . . . and up . . . and up . . .

GENERAL (*Delighted*) Yes! Stay the execution!

ARCHBISHOP (*To the wife*) Who are you?

WIFE: A girl from these parts.

ARCHBISHOP (*Tenderly*) How often the gods speak to us through the mouths of innocents! Now Julian will not die. He will just be whipped for insubordination as usual. Isn't that wonderful? Aren't you going to thank her, Julian?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Thank you very much.

WIFE: Why is he to be whipped?

GENERAL: He failed to kill an enemy when he had a golden opportunity.

WIFE: But there were more of them than him. If he'd killed one of them, the others would have killed him.

ARCHBISHOP (*With the patience of a nanny*) If they'd have killed him, there'd be no cause to whip him now, would there? I mean, you can't have it both ways.

WIFE: I don't understand.

GENERAL (*Amused*) She's as bad as Julian.

ARCHBISHOP (*Equally amused*) Prettier though.

GENERAL (*Calling out*) Whip Julian, and prepare for battle. We march within the hour!

SERGEANT: Lef' Ri Lef' Ri—step smartly there!

ARCHBISHOP (*Detaining the* GENERAL) Oh, Maximus Severus, Almighty Jove may well require a penance for our outrage. It would be best if you fought with your sword in your left hand.

GENERAL (*Amazed*) In my left hand? That's suicide! Where do you read your instructions?

ARCHBISHOP (*Testy*) Never mind. To each man his calling. (*There is an ominous roll of thunder: "I told you so"*) You stick to conquests, Maximus Severus, and leave the gods to me.

GENERAL (*Calling out*) I will fight with my sword in my left hand. (*There is a flash of lightning*)

ARCHBISHOP: The Almighty is gratified. (*The* GENERAL *goes. The* ARCHBISHOP *is alone with the* WIFE—*except for the* REBEL, *who lingers unseen*)

ARCHBISHOP (*Continued*) Precious girl! Come, my little oracle, let me touch you . . .

WIFE: No.

ARCHBISHOP: Why not?

WIFE: You frighten me.

ARCHBISHOP: Perish the thought! I only wish to capture a particle of the divine grace which

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has passed through you.

WIFE: It was common-sense more than anything. (*Retreating*) How many strokes will they give Julian?

ARCHBISHOP (*Reasonable*) Five hundred.

WIFE (*Horrified*) Five hundred!

ARCHBISHOP: Those are the regulations. But don't worry, my sweet child, there's not a man in the ranks who can count comfortably beyond fifty. Come, now, gratify my craving. Let me touch you, my darling—my desire to do so springs from a purely religious urge.

REBEL: It's amazing how many religious urges lie at the source of purely secular acts.

ARCHBISHOP: Where have you sprung from, Dementius Praecox?

REBEL: I have been loitering. An artist can always excuse his curiosity on the grounds of a search for material.

ARCHBISHOP: Take no notice of him, my beauty. He's a poor fool of a sculptor they keep around to decorate triumphal arches at the end of minor campaigns.

REBEL: Yes, my beauty, and if you examine the arches carefully, you will see the poor fool's comments on the mortal farce etched on the faces of the heroes.

ARCHBISHOP: Spare us your blasphemies. We tolerate you because you display a certain skill in the delineation of the human form, and because, up to now, the gods have tolerated you.

REBEL: The gods tolerate me because they don't exist except in my sculptures.

ARCHBISHOP: Silence!

WIFE (*Blocking her ears*) I don't want to hear such things.

REBEL: You don't want to hear because you have spent hours at the portable shrine praying to Venus for fertility, but the statue you pray to so fervently is mine. I have created her. Her stone womb was fashioned by these fingers.

ARCHBISHOP: Great Jove! Even if you are an agnostic, remember that you are a Roman! The world looks to you for an example!

REBEL: A Roman? Yes, alas. A despicable race. Garrulous, self-important, superstitious, hypocritical. There's so much still to learn, and what do we do? We teach, out of sheer laziness.

ARCHBISHOP: You are not fit to sculpt gods, or men!

REBEL: That is quite true as far as men go, for as a Roman, I have not yet succeeded in stealing all there is to be stolen from the Greeks. As for the gods, well, they are but idealized and inexistent men, not worth the carving. Only man exists. (*There is a loud peal of thunder*)

ARCHBISHOP (*Cringing*) Fool!

REBEL: That was a peal of thunder, a natural phenomenon with a purely scientific explanation. If, on the other hand, you persist in maintaining that Almighty Jove aimed a thunderbolt at me, then, you must admit, he had the unusual experience of missing. (*He holds out his hand*) And in case you are tempted to think that the celestial council of the gods is now weeping at my irreverence, I assure you that what is falling now is common and garden rain, good for the grass. It will make the fields greener for civilians, redder for the military. And so, my dear, don't be bamboozled by that old man. He is not an agent of the gods, but a man in priest's clothing. Be warned. (*He goes*)

ARCHBISHOP: Insufferable blasphemer! Come, my dear, you must be exorcised, in case his sacrilege has tainted the pristine loveliness of your soul. In the name of Venus, your patron!

WIFE: What do I have to do?

ARCHBISHOP: Undress. Just slip off your tunic.

WIFE: In front of you?

ARCHBISHOP: Where else? The little demons have entered you by your ears. Together we will wrinkle the wicked little fellows out of all the orifices where they may be hiding.

WIFE (*Escaping*) You wish to find pleasure in me, not demons.

ARCHBISHOP: In that it is a pleasure for a High Priest to wrinkle out demons, that is quite true.

WIFE: You wish to lie with me!

ARCHBISHOP: Lie with you, stand with you, roll with you . . . the demons defy most positions. Come along now, you have nothing to fear from me. It is more an ecclesiastical formality than anything else.

WIFE: Leave me alone! (*She runs off*)

ARCHBISHOP: Come back! Come back, in the name of all that's holy! (*He follows her, as the* UNKNOWN SOLDIER *staggers on. He is stripped to the waist and covered in blood. The* SERGEANT *helps him to walk*)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: You overdo everything you put your hands to.

SERGEANT (*With the gentleness of one who knows he's gone too far*) I lost count.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: You lost count more than once, and every time you started all over again from the beginning. (*He sinks to the ground*)

SERGEANT: Rest awhile, Julian. I'll see to it that you are in the back row of the Phalanx.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: That's what I don't understand about this army of ours . . . one moment you're like a bloodthirsty animal . . . next, you're all over me, like a childless aunt. And the others . . . they were happy to watch me being flogged . . . then they come gaping at my wounds, and offering to carry my spear into battle for me.

SERGEANT (*Squatting beside him, gentle and reasonable*) That's what's known as soldierly comradeship, Julian . . . I've been whipped more often than I care to remember . . . I wasn't always a sergeant, you know . . . no, came up through the ranks, I did . . . as in the old days, under Parvus Gloxinius . . . bit of rust on the breastplate, twisted leggings, a few hairs short on the helmet, and it was the whip for you, my boy. Would you care to see my scars?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Not now, thank you.

SERGEANT: Any time, any time, just ask. Came a time I no longer minded the whip. Rather liked it, in fact. Proved to me I was a man.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Don't you have any other proof? I mean . . .

SERGEANT (*Confidential and slow*) Civilians don't have our spirit, lad, because they're never cruel enough to one another to be surprised by one another's kindness.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Yes, that's a point.

SERGEANT: You want to think about that. Meanwhile, lie in the sun and let the blood congeal. You'll be a new man in about a month. Report to my tent in a quarter of an hour. I've got a little Ischian wine hidden in my pack. We'll share it. (*The* SERGEANT *ruffles his hair affectionately, and goes. The* WIFE *runs on, her clothes in tatters, followed by the* ARCHBISHOP, *who seems on the verge of a heart-attack*)

WIFE (*Falling on her knees*) Oh, Julian. What have they done to you?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Why are your clothes torn?

ARCHBISHOP: Because she's a disobedient country girl, who doesn't recognize friendship when she sees it . . . (*Glancing skywards*) Apollo has almost galloped into the free air again . . . I must prepare to give Victory her wings . . . (*He walks slowly off, holding his heart*)

WIFE: Your poor back . . . it would have been so easy to say the field was red.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Easy? I don't think so. If I admitted that, I'd be capable of admitting anything.

WIFE: And can't you?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Can you? They may flog you yet, for having run away from the High Priest. Could you have given in to him?

WIFE: No. I remember my mother telling me about a Roman Priest who passed this way some twenty years ago—a wonderful man, she said he was, who taught her all about the great family of gods on Mount Olympus, and converted her from her Pagan ways. But one night—he said it had come to him in a trance—a sacrifice to Venus was urgently necessary for the good of Mother's soul. Being a religious woman, she did what she was told, but by the time the child was born and had to be fed and clothed, the Priest was far away at some other war, and he never came back.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: How old are you?

WIFE: Nineteen. And I have a Roman name. Virginia.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Where do you live, Virginia?

WIFE: I live on my uncle's farm, over there, on the hill. It's not much of a farm. One room for him, his family and the animals. I spend most of my time in my secret cave near the stream. Come with me. I'll show it you. I'll wash your wounds. (*He can hardly move, but does*)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: What do you do in your cave?

WIFE: I dream mostly.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: What else is there for the ignorant to do? We can't read—we can hear, but we can't always understand. But we

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can fly like birds into a world of color and of sound, which don't need explanation.

WIFE: And meet above the clouds, where we can't make fools of ourselves.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*A sudden realization*) Perhaps that's why they punish me so often.

WIFE: Why?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I do all my dreaming during the day . . . (*They go, at the pace of the invalid. There is a noise of marching* MEN. *The* SOLDIERS *enter, the* GENERAL *at their head. He carries his sword in his left hand. The* SERGEANT *brings up the rear*)

SERGEANT: Lef' Ri' Lef' Halt!

GENERAL: At ease, men. Where's Julian? Didn't you leave him here?

SERGEANT: Yes, General, on this very spot.

GENERAL: Didn't whip him too hard, did you?

SERGEANT: What me? We were laughing and joking about it! He must be able to move, mustn't he? Otherwise he'd still be here! (*The sun bursts out from behind the clouds blindingly. The* ARCHBISHOP *rushes on. He carries a dead bird in one hand and a sling in the other*)

ARCHBISHOP: Victory is ours! Great is Mars, and we are his greatness! Not only has Golden Apollo shed his great light upon us, but I have killed a pigeon in flight, which, when I opened it, revealed itself to possess two livers! You all know what *that* means! A miracle! (*A great cheer goes up—with a cry of—*)

CHORUS: Victory! Victory to Rome!

REBEL (*Entering*) You dropped this I believe, Your Lordship.

ARCHBISHOP: What is it?

REBEL: Another dead bird, Your Lordship, and very probably another miracle as well, for this one evidently was born with no liver at all.

ARCHBISHOP: Where did you find it?

REBEL: I followed you, Your Lordship, and it fell out of your robes.

ARCHBISHOP: Give it here this instant! (*He seizes it in embarrassment*) You followed me where?

REBEL: To the dovecote in the village, where you killed two domestical doves and stuffed the liver of one into the other. Almighty Jove turned a blind eye.

ARCHBISHOP: Listen to him, and the earth will open up and send us all headlong into the lower regions. I guarantee it! (*An angry murmur among the* MEN)

GENERAL: I will not stand for blasphemy, is that clear, not in the ranks, not before battle. Hey, Sculptor, you of the remote passion and the delicate hands, come with us and see at first hand the heroism you so glibly depict on memorials.

REBEL: I am dispensed active duty as an official war artist.

GENERAL: Seize him! You will be at the apex of our attack, unarmed!

REBEL (*With a wan smile*) And you be just behind me, armed to the teeth. You know how to kill, perhaps I can teach you how to die. I am not afraid, because my statues will outlive the Empire. (JULIAN *enters.* VIRGINIA *holds him by the hand*)

SERGEANT (*Rough*) Where have you been? Picking flowers again? (*A ripple of laughter*)

GENERAL: Join the line, Julian. With Dementius Praecox in the van.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Narcissus told me I'd be near the back.

SERGEANT: I never!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: You did! You even offered me some wine.

SERGEANT: Wine? Where would I get wine from?

GENERAL: Wine? I've never heard you wish for wine before, Julian. (*Puzzled*) Are you afraid?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Yes, very.

GENERAL: What has made a coward out of you?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: The wish to live, I think.

GENERAL: The wish to live? (*Slowly he turns, and looks at* VIRGINIA)

WIFE: When will you be back?

GENERAL: Perhaps never. Why do you wish to know?

WIFE: I am his wife. (*Slowly a gale of laughter sweeps the stage, and* ALL *are affected except* VIRGINIA, JULIAN *and the* REBEL. *When the laughter threatens to die out,* 35914 *suddenly remembers, and repeats—*)

35914: Where have you been? Picking flowers again? (*The laughter surges again, but the* GENERAL *calls for order*)

GENERAL (*In good humor*) That's enough, men. We have enjoyed our laugh. Now form up. Right turn. Forward march. Vininius, sing us the song about the old whore of Pompeii. (*Great acclaim greets this idea. As they go,* 94343 *sings a marching song*)

94343:

There was an old whore of Pompeii
Who had more than had her dayii
To survive competition
She got the permission
To charge only ten pence a layii

CHORUS:

O—
A penny for this, a penny for that,
A penny each for a tit and tat
A penny for what should have been fat
But was sadly shriveled and horribly flat
O—
A penny for that, a penny for this
A penny each for a hit and a miss
A penny for what should have been bliss
Hold your breath as you give her a kiss

(*The* WIFE *follows them as they march, waving into the distance. The* ARCHBISHOP *just stands there, the couple of dead birds in his hands. A subtle but perceptible change comes over him. The* WIFE *returns, and makes to go out*)

ARCHBISHOP (*Intimate and melancholy*) Virginia. I will not harm you. The fever's past.

WIFE: Don't you march with them?

ARCHBISHOP: No. I must prepare the triumph and rehearse the lamentations.

WIFE: I'll leave you then.

ARCHBISHOP: Not yet. I'm not afraid of solitude—I'm merely afraid of being alone. I'm an older man, Virginia, and nobody makes allowances for an older man. At every funeral, he is aware that it is only fate which has made him a pallbearer and not the corpse. His sleep lengthens into day, while his nights are alive with fear of not awaking. Are you listening? No, you are thinking of someone else. Then I can talk freely—as to myself. Even old, we are fallible, yet without the freedom of dogs and cats. We have minds to torture us, and bodies which even at this late hour make surprising and flattering demands of us. I am ashamed, and proud of the fact that I have slept with every Vestal Virgin but three.

WIFE: Why did you spare three of them?

ARCHBISHOP: Because they were ugly. Oh, you were listening? I do beg your pardon . . . It takes so much longer to understand one's actions than to perform them. I have killed two doves. Why? I only rarely look at birds when they are alive . . . they move about, and flutter . . . they're rather stupid, I suspect . . . I notice them out of the corner of my eye, and I never fear for their safety . . . they know how to save themselves much better than I know how to destroy them. Even if I kill them occasionally for food, I'm not really killing a bird . . . I'm killing a dish, a pie . . . in my mind, it's already steaming on a plate. But to kill these birds as I did, without reason, without honor, makes you notice your victim. (*He looks down at the birds*) Look at the miraculous network of feathers! The little bodies are growing cold in my hands. Their blue eyes are staring at me as though surprised that man, who has been throwing crumbs at them all their lives, should suddenly turn so treacherous. One of them has an olive-branch in its beak (*Deeply disturbed*) Tell me, Virginia, is it possible to love?

WIFE: Is it possible not to love?

ARCHBISHOP: I deserved such a cruel answer.

WIFE: The months are passing as we stand here talking . . . and we always say the same words . . . and every time I tell you the truth, you always say I am cruel, and always ask for more . . . winter is here . . . can you feel it? . . . And now it's almost spring . . . I feel unwell . . . I must get ready . . .

ARCHBISHOP: So soon?

WIFE (*In pain*) I must get ready (*She goes, with difficulty. The* ARCHBISHOP *looks at the birds in silence*)

ARCHBISHOP: I'd give the rest of my life if you could only fly away . . . (*He kneels to bury them. From far away, out of tune, we can hear the song of the Old Whore of Pompeii. It grows in intensity, but seems in a minor key. The* GENERAL *leads his* MEN *on. He is intact, but the* SOLDIERS *have lost legs, arms, hands, eyes, feet. Behind them, three* PRISONERS *in chains.* JULIAN *and the* REBEL *are missing. The* GENERAL *halts. The* MEN *likewise. The* GENERAL *raises his sword of which only the hilt and an inch of blade remain—*)

GENERAL: Victory!

ARCHBISHOP (*Hollow*) The gods, in their infinite understanding, have blessed our arms.

GENERAL: Bring forward the prisoners! Let the chronicle read that Maximus Severus, tamer

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of the Illyrians, scourge of the Bulgars, flagellator of the Avars, has won his most golden victory! (*Very feeble cheer from the* MEN)

SERGEANT (*Grim*) Wait for it!

GENERAL (*Continuing*) His victory of victories, by putting to fight the . . . what is the name of your people again?

ENEMY LEADER: The Oswingoths.

GENERAL: Oswingoths? Are you sure?

ENEMY LEADER: We are an Indo-European people with an Ugro-Finnish strain, the second cousins, as it were, of the Ostrogoths and the Visigoths, and like all small tribes, we were searching for a peaceful valley to settle in.

GENERAL: You speak remarkably good Latin, if I may say so.

ENEMY LEADER (*Apologetic*) Very few people speak Oswingothic. We all know at least three languages, since we subsist on the mistrust of great peoples for one another. We live as go-betweens. We have to. We are weak in the arts of war.

GENERAL (*Flashing*) Weak? For the purposes of my triumph, you will be a tough, warlike race, and you, as its king, will have the honor of being dragged three times round the walls of Rome behind my chariot.

ENEMY LEADER: That is extremely good of you, but isn't there some other way in which you can give expression to your vanity? Couldn't I, for instance, enter Rome comfortably in a cage?

GENERAL: You fought bravely. You deserve the best and nothing but the best.

ENEMY LEADER: I'm quite agreeable to being thrown to the lions.

GENERAL: The lions?

ENEMY LEADER: We are such a poor people that we are naturally averse to waste. Even as you're being eaten by a lion, you have the pleasant feeling that you are at least providing some nourishment, whereas quite frankly to travel three times round the walls of Rome behind your chariot seems to me a waste of your time and my body.

GENERAL: Are you trying to insult me?

ENEMY LEADER (*With a sigh*) I have the feeling that you are the kind of a person one succeeds in insulting far more often than one tries. At least be clement to my daughter.

GENERAL (*Smiling grimly*) I am too generous a man to be content with mere clemency. Enough! Take him away!

ENEMY LEADER: Beware if we should ever meet in freedom!

GENERAL: You believe in reincarnation then?

ENEMY LEADER: I have to. Our people could not live in honor on this earth without a fervent belief in a second chance. You don't need such a belief for the time being, because you are Roman.

GENERAL: You admit our superiority!

ENEMY LEADER: In force of arms, yes. In faith, no. You don't need it . . . yet . . . (*The* GENERAL *drinks deeply from a flask, waving negligently with the other hand. The* ENEMY LEADER *is taken away*)

ARCHBISHOP: Where is Julian?

GENERAL: Bring the next one forward! No, leave the woman till last! Who are you? Do you have the rank and quality to be dragged round Rome, or are you for the cage, the spittle and the urine?

INVENTOR (*Who speaks, surprisingly, with a thick German accent*) For neither, I think.

GENERAL (*Who shows early signs of an eventual inebriation*) There's presumption for you! What are you then, to think yourself above degradation, a damned politician?

INVENTOR: An inventor.

GENERAL (*Amused*) Inventor? What have you invented?

INVENTOR: The stirrup.

GENERAL: The what?

INVENTOR: The stirrup. A rider puts his foot in the stirrup to guide the horse, and with the aid of spurs—another of my inventions—sharp pieces of metal worn on the heel—he can accelerate his horse while maintaining entire freedom of maneuver.

GENERAL (*Intrigued*) I noticed your invention at the height of the battle. Your leader could turn more rapidly than I could.

INVENTOR (*Categorical and aggressive*) The P.M.F. is increased tenfold under certain conditions.

GENERAL: P.M.F.?

INVENTOR: P.M.F. Power of Maneuver Factor.

GENERAL: How would you like to work for Rome?

INVENTOR: How much would I be paid?

GENERAL: You are defeated! Dare you bargain with me?

INVENTOR: I am never defeated while the stirrup lives! Without the stirrup, I give the Roman Empire 25 years—30 maximum.

GENERAL: But we have the stirrup now!

INVENTOR (*Tapping his head laconically*) You think I would be so foolish as to explain my invention to you if I didn't have something up here which will make even the stirrup look ridiculous?

GENERAL: What is it?

INVENTOR: How much will I be paid?

GENERAL: You're not an Oswingoth, are you?

INVENTOR (*For a moment lachrymose and world-weary*) Oh, never mind where I come from . . . I had trouble at home . . . The Oswingoths did not pay well, but they gave me a hut of my own. (*His aggression reappears*) They treated me with respect . . . and I demand respect!

GENERAL: A hundred talents a month.

INVENTOR: 200 talents a week, with a laboratory of my own, and 15 literate slaves.

GENERAL (*Staggered*) Fifteen slaves?

INVENTOR: If they are Germanic, I can do with six; if they are Roman, at least 15.

GENERAL: Do you dare—

INVENTOR: Take it or leave it. Watch Rome go to defeat, or else give my genius the possibility of saving your decadent civilization a little longer.

GENERAL: I will take you to Rome in chains. The Senate will decide.

INVENTOR (*Strident*) For every hour these chains are kept on, my price will go up by a talent a day!

GENERAL (*Shouting*) Take him to Rome without chains!

SERGEANT: Lef' Ri' Lef' Ri'

INVENTOR (*Piercing*) I walk in my own rhythm! (*The* SERGEANT *looks to the* GENERAL, *who shrugs his shoulders. They go out*)

GENERAL (*His good humor returning, holds out his hand to the last captive, a strikingly handsome* WOMAN *dressed in furs. She comes forward slowly, impassively*) Here, Your Lordship, is the one captive which justifies the entire campaign. Come, my lovely . . . unlike her father, she will not be dragged round Rome in ignominy . . . she will enter my couch in triumph . . . naked except for my crown of laurels . . . (*The* WIFE *enters slowly, big with child*)

WIFE (*Eager*) Where is Julian? (*The* GENERAL *looks at her, embarrassed. He gives the* CAPTIVE WOMAN *his flask*)

GENERAL: Drink! (*She does so, obediently*)

ARCHBISHOP (*Quietly*) Go your way, Virginia. I am fit to console you.

WIFE (*Slowly*) He's dead? (*The* GENERAL *reclaims his flask*)

GENERAL (*Sincere after his fashion*) For a soldier, death matters less than the manner of dying. Rest assured, widow, he died like a Roman.

ARCHBISHOP: Foolishly.

GENERAL: Before the enemy was even in sight, I had drawn my sword to stab the sculptor in the back, the coward's death befitting the crime of sacrilege, when, by some instinct, Julian turned and threw himself before the blade . . . it was too late . . . I impaled them both. There was no time to bury them . . . and (*He laughs*) there was no one left to fashion a tombstone . . . they lie together, the traitor and the fool, like lovers, under the open sky. (*Epic*) When they are found, nothing will be known about the treachery of one, or the folly of the other . . . men will say to themselves, Rome passed this way in all her indestructible majesty, leaving two unknown sons as viceroys in death. (*He is moved by his own eloquence*)

WIFE (*Moving slowly in the direction of the battle. Numb*) How far away are they?

GENERAL (*Outraged*) Do you not dignify your sorrow by shedding tears? Look, I am weeping.

WIFE (*Beyond tears*) Give me time . . . give me time . . . tears are private things . . . I will find them . . . (*She goes*)

GENERAL: There's your average foreigner for you. Any Roman matron would be wailing and beating her breast! She has done her best to ruin my evening . . . I've never seen anything less considerate. (*To the* WOMAN) Come to my tent. I will find solace in your arms . . .

ARCHBISHOP (*Wringing his hands*) Oh my son, my son.

GENERAL (*Annoyed*) Why do you call me "my son." I am not your son.

ARCHBISHOP: What did I call you? My son?

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I don't know why I did that. I feel I am sickening for some condition more terrible and more wonderful than death.

GENERAL: What's the matter with you?

ARCHBISHOP: I tried to pray to Jove, but my heart's not in it. I am no longer blinded by his great light—I see only effigies in my mind, accumulating dust. Jove is inadequate.

GENERAL (*His arm round the* WOMAN. *Laughing*) If it's hallucinations you're after, get drunk. Only let me have the flask back afterwards. I'm sobering up.

ARCHBISHOP: Kill me, Maximus Severus.

GENERAL: What? (*Laughs again*) Why die for a cause you no longer believe in?

ARCHBISHOP: I no longer believe in Rome.

GENERAL (*Harsh*) Then pretend, as we all do on occasion!

ARCHBISHOP: I no longer can.

GENERAL: What? You do it better than any of us. A pigeon with two livers indeed! And it's a miracle that I'm still alive fighting with my sword in my left hand.

ARCHBISHOP: If you felt there was no religious reason for the penance I imposed, why did you do it?

GENERAL (*Eager to leave*) For the sake of the men! Only leaders like you and me can afford the luxury of believing in nothing but themselves. It is the men who must believe in the panoply of gods. Without this fiction of divinity, Rome would be powerless. Great gods, Your Lordship, a great general must be able to make mistakes, huge mistakes, tragic mistakes, without disillusioning the soldiery. There's only one way of doing it—and that is by creating omnipotent and capricious gods, in whose hands we are but playthings. But you know this as well as I do. Our interests coincide. They always have done. They always will do. I am glad we have had this interesting exchange of views. I feel it has cleared the air. Come, my pretty plaything . . .

ARCHBISHOP: You think you have bribed me by telling me of my importance to you? (*The* GENERAL, *who is on his way out with his captive, is forced to stop by the surprising intensity of the* ARCHBISHOP'S *manner*)

GENERAL (*With a sudden smile*) Oh, I see. You're jealous. I can understand that. Rest assured, you can have the girl after I have done with her.

ARCHBISHOP: What makes a man a priest is more important than what he becomes once he is a priest. I believed once, and I remember what it was like, the hope, the youthful sense of mission, and now, looking at you with your captive, shackled against her will and bent to yours, I hear another voice, dim, distant, as yet indistinct, like a small child crying in my heart.

GENERAL: You are becoming a woman perhaps?

ARCHBISHOP: Make jokes at your peril! The voice is there, Maximus Severus, and it will take over my temple, because it is alive. It is the voice of love.

GENERAL (*Impatient*) I've already told you you can lie with the girl. What more do you want?

ARCHBISHOP: I am unworthy to touch this sweet woman. My hands would soil her.

GENERAL: What are you talking about? She's a mere Barbarian.

ARCHBISHOP: A mere Barbarian . . . Maximus, my son, before it is too late, set her free. Speak to her with the charm and tact of which you are sometimes capable. Take her to your tent, but as your guest. Do not outrage her.

GENERAL: Idiot! What's her body for?

ARCHBISHOP: To tempt you . . . and to be respected.

GENERAL: Are you ill?

ARCHBISHOP: I am cured. (*He smiles*) I no longer have to believe. I know. I am at peace. I will plant seeds in your mind which will blossom into a harvest, and long after I have gone, I will still be with you.

GENERAL (*To the woman*) Come.

ARCHBISHOP (*With great gentleness*) Are you afraid of me now?

GENERAL: Afraid?

ARCHBISHOP: Do you suddenly sense my strength?

GENERAL: You're mad.

ARCHBISHOP: Your pleasure will be cold, your face expressionless, as that of a copulating dog—for that is what you have made of yourself.

GENERAL (*Furious*) Enough! (*He places his hand on the hilt of his sword*) You asked for death a while ago! I am known for my generosity.

ARCHBISHOP: Seek for a mirror to your pleasure in her eyes—all you find there is patience. She will lie under the weight of your coarseness, thinking other thoughts, waiting for the puppy to have done with its petty ecstasies.

GENERAL (*Drawing his sword*) It won't take much to put an end to your voice.

ARCHBISHOP (*As sweet as ever*) And when you fall into your ugly warrior's sleep, she will look at you with pity—is this little fornicator the emblem of mighty Rome? Is the strength of the eagle in its loins alone?

GENERAL: Aah! (*He runs the* ARCHBISHOP *through*)

ARCHBISHOP (*Falling to his knees with an echo of the* GENERAL'S *shout*) Aaah! . . . Thank you, Maximus . . .

GENERAL (*Aghast*) What have you made me do?

ARCHBISHOP: I have taught you remorse . . . I have given you a conscience as a parting gift . . .

GENERAL: Why did you make me kill you?

ARCHBISHOP: Because you are weak, my son. There's no weakness more pernicious than the weakness of the strong.

GENERAL (*Examining the* ARCHBISHOP *as though he were some curious, half-dangerous animal*) Why are you smiling?

ARCHBISHOP (*Begins to laugh very softly, and shakes his head feebly*) What a question . . .

GENERAL (*Slow*) Do you derive pleasure from suffering? (*No reply. The* GENERAL *loses his temper. He stabs the* ARCHBISHOP *again and again*) There! There! Enjoy yourself! (*The* ARCHBISHOP *rolls over and dies. The* GENERAL *stands there for a moment, panting. He returns his sword to its scabbard*) Go to my tent. (*The* WOMAN *begins to go*) Say something.

WOMAN: Yes.

GENERAL: Say something else. Tell me I am mad.

WOMAN: I can't.

GENERAL: Why not?

WOMAN: I am your slave.

GENERAL: I despise myself. Do you despise me?

WOMAN: No.

GENERAL (*Tired*) You can't give me satisfaction. Go to my tent.

WOMAN: Yes, Maximus.

GENERAL: I will sleep in the grass . . . (*He goes out in the opposite direction to her. It grows lighter. The* MEN *foregather, severally, as though for an imminent parade.* 14768 *is the type of hedgehog-browed individual with a curved muscular neck who is usually the runner-up in unit boxing competitions.* 35914 *is the joker of the unit, optimistic to the point of abnormality.* 71696 *has quite unnecessary dignity and some sickening middle-class virtues. He is redolent of the Quartermaster's stores.* 94343 *affects whatever appearance happens to be in vogue, since there is safety in conformity*)

35914: What time's parade, lads?

94343: Usual time. There's nothing posted to the contrary.

71696: By rights we should have a day off. How long's it been, six years?

35914: I've lost count.

14768: By rights, once we're talkin' about the letter of the law, we should get ten days off—that's if they don't skimp the old man on his triumph.

71696: I wouldn't put it past them—to skimp him on his triumph.

14768: Nor would I. Wouldn't put it past them.

94343 (*Anxious*) Not past them, I wouldn't put it. (*Pause*)

71696: I'm tired. Don't mind admittin' it.

14768: Tired? I'm prostitute! (*To* 35914) What's up with you? Look as though you'd gapin' seen a ghost.

35914: It's worse. Look! (*The* SERGEANT *enters in medieval costume, green tights, crimson jerkin with a coat of arms on it, upturned shoes of immense length, and a rakish cap with an immense feather. The men try to control their laughter, but it overflows its banks*)

SERGEANT (*Forestalling their laughter with a rising cadence of admonition*) Now then! Now then! Now then! (*He loses his temper*) I'll give you laughter, you mucus-snotted, ordure-replete set of half-hatched sparrow chicks! One more peep out of any one of you, and it's up and down the drawbridge 50 times with a hundredweight of boiling oil. Any questions?

35914: What's that? The new uniform, Narcissus? (*The laughter is hardly containable*)

SERGEANT: What's that you called me? Some insult?

35914 (*Puzzled*) That was your name when last we saw you.

SERGEANT: And when was that?

14768: A few minutes ago . . . after the battle. You remember.

71696: Ah no, I give it longer than that. Close on an hour, I give it.

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94343: It may have been yesterday . . .

14768 (*Violent*) You'll be sayin' it was last week next!

94343 (*With a sense of the occult*) Time's a funny thing, you know. I'll be on the safe side. I'll say it was a month ago.

35914: Once you say it's a month, it might as well be a year . . . or a century.

SERGEANT: Now you're getting warmer. You've got no memories have you, you mental midgets.

14768 (*Dogged*) I've got enough memory to remember I got some leave due.

SERGEANT (*Roaring*) Leave? What in Sainted Christendom would you bleedin' do with it?

14768: Go to Rome.

SERGEANT (*Roaring*) Rome? What are you then? A blessed pilgrim? I'll keep you on the drawbridge all night if I have any more of it. I'll overlook your tunics this once, you're all too gloomy ignorant to know better, but if you go on standin' on one leg much longer, and hiding your arms and hands behind your backs, and winkin' at me, I'll really start showin' you who's the freed-man and who are the fiefs.

71696: We was wounded.

SERGEANT: What? Them little scratches? Call them wounds? (*Sarcastic*) Haven't they healed yet, after all this time? Tut-tut. What d'you want me to do? Kiss 'em better? (*Mysteriously their arms, legs and eyes reappear. They stretch their rediscovered limbs as though they have stiffened with inaction*) That's more like it. Now move! Move! Move! (*They run and stumble off, frightened. The* SERGEANT *spots the figure of the dead* ARCHBISHOP) What's this then? Another of you idle malingerers playin' dead? (*He kicks the* ARCHBISHOP, *who sits up with a start*) Oh, Father Benedict! Beg pardon!

ARCHBISHOP (*Suffering*) Oh, Odbert, what a dream! A beautiful pagan in a bearskin, it was . . . Every time she parted her lips to embrace me, a flight of doves fell out of her mouth, and dropped dead at my feet. I gathered their corpses in my arms until I could no longer stand under their weight.

SERGEANT: That must have been when you fell down, my Lord Abbot.

ARCHBISHOP (*Whose speech is slurred*) Quite right. Then I remember rejecting them, and gathering the pagan to me. I could feel her warm, firm breasts and the richness of her thighs, and just as I was preparing to enjoy her, a Roman came along and stabbed me in the side for no reason at all.

SERGEANT: That must have been my foot, Lord Abbot.

ARCHBISHOP: Ah yes. You saved me from the Devil, Odbert.

SERGEANT: Glad to have been of service to you, sir.

ARCHBISHOP: It wasn't a serious temptation, dear fellow—just a little demonstration of his capabilities, set out charmingly in a dream. Oh, my head. The fact is, I don't drink.

SERGEANT: I know that, Father Benedict.

ARCHBISHOP: I am merely on the trail of the damnedest after-dinner cordial . . . a couple more herbs and I'll have it, Odbert, and perhaps one day, it will bear my name.

SERGEANT: I dare say, Father Benedict.

ARCHBISHOP: Yes, Odbert . . . and not only will it give pleasure, but it will ensure the solvency of the monasteries in times of little faith. (*He tries to rise, but cannot, even with* ODBERT's *help. Heartfelt—on his knees*) We live in Godless times, my friend.

SERGEANT (*Grim*) Indeed we do, my Lord Friar.

ARCHBISHOP: How is the Cathedral coming?

SERGEANT: Slowly, my Lord Friar, but I like to think, surely.

ARCHBISHOP: We must finish it soon. Cathedrals are shooting up all over Europe. A city is judged by the height of its spire and the length of its nave. Already I am beginning to think ours is a little on the small side.

SERGEANT: We've no shortage of labor, Father Benedict. We can afford to make mistakes.

ARCHBISHOP (*With fearful sincerity, tugging at the* SERGEANT's *sleeve*) Odbert, our arches must be more gothic, our gargoyles more harrowing, our glass more stained than any of our rivals'. There is a Faith race on, my friend, which we cannot afford to lose.

SERGEANT (*Lifting him up, and helping him to walk*) I'll see to it, Lord Abbot. I'll have the men on Cathedral fatigues twenty-four hours of the day. We won't be found wanting where faith is concerned. (*As they go, the* GENERAL *appears from behind an obstacle. He has been listening. He is now a medieval Count, a pampered, petulant exquisite in his coal-black wig. He watches them go with manifest displeasure—then hears a noise. His expression changes to one of indecent eagerness. He hides again.* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *wanders on, arm in arm with his* BRIDE, *who is heavily pregnant*)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER:

O, I sometimes think my heart will burst
its banks
Sweet girl, and that this fragile frame cannot
contain
Such trumpeting delights for ever. Even
in idleness,
While carving your name upon some crusty
bark, you
Invade the corner of my eye, and fill my mind
With your dear presence as surely as when
we're locked
In love. I cut my thumb, for in all work,
You are my lovely negligence.

WIFE:

Not always was it so. For weren't thou
negligent, dear boy,
My belly would not now swell with unknown
fruit
And cause me to waddle like an ailing duck
While my *mind* is pregnant with images
of grace.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: And we can laugh as well! What a shower of miracles—

WIFE: A shower? Take refuge then.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (*Falling to his knees before her*) Not I! Bare-headed
I kneel beneath them, my eyes uplifted, my
mouth op'd wide
To drink in pleasures while those pleasures
last.

WIFE (*Sadly*) Ay, there's the truth, for nothing lasts.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Nothing lasts
But memory and hope

WIFE: And memories of hope

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER:

And hope of memories when we are old.
My love for thee encompasses all seasons in a
second,
Stretches beyond the confines of mortality,
baffles time,
Cheats age, and scoffs at Providence itself . . .
Have I not known thee for a thousand years,
and more?
Yet could I love thee then as I love thee now?
Has it not taken a luxury of time, to know
What now we know?

WIFE: To feel what now we feel?
When first we met, it was the brief love.
The moth feels for the flame. A mere winking
of an eye
And all was over. We had lived, and loved.
You had even died. But I could never guess
then
What I had lost.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Lost but found again
For what is love but endless rediscovery?
To see thee once is to see thee for all time
And to see thee not at all. A thousandth look
Is but a confirmation of the first, and yet,
is different.

WIFE:

I know only this, in all simplicity. I am a book
Thou hast chosen from the vast library of
women.
Open me, I lie open. The wind may lose
my place,
But not another reader. I, like all volumes,
have secrets
To be read between the lines, but the words
are these as well.
Unread, I am not worth the binding
Unfinished, I am not worth beginning
Read, I surrender what rewards I may.
Understood, I am a life's companion,
Rewritten, I may yet be improved upon.
Lent to an illiterate, I go to waste.
I cannot bring myself to life. Only he who
reads me well
Will know what is written there, and,
knowing what is written
Will know also that which destiny has failed
to write.
But be not hard. Judge me not always by
perfection's rote
Think, instead, and humbly, how wonderful
it is
The pages are not blank. One final word:
Read not with impatience, for though life,
they say, is short,
At moments it seems long, and time will turn
my pages
Soon enough . . .

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: My eyes are weary

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from so much study.
Let me put you by, then, to read again
The early chapters at some later hour.
I close the book.
And seal my pleasure with a kiss . . .
(They kiss with increasing fervour. The GENERAL *looks out of his hiding place)*

GENERAL *(Aside)*
How? How's this? The ignorant know bliss
While I, in my noble loneliness, do search for fancies,
To cajole my sad and complicated mind—
The colloquy of poets, the plucking of a casual string
The ponderous baggage of Westphalian philosophers
The simple songs of peasants, even those degrading practices
Love of wayward women and of fearful boys–
The wild excesses of the chase, love's substitute—
All are mobilized to satisfy my spirit's hunger—
To slake my parched soul's dismal thirst
(The LOVERS *break. They see the* COUNT)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Most Noble Count!

GENERAL: Kiss on, youth! And may the soft breeze
Waft a few particles of revivifying pollen
Upon this dying plant. You spoke to each other in verse.
Why?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I was speaking normally, sir.

GENERAL: Normally? Lass, could you speak to me as you spoke to this youth?

WIFE: No.

GENERAL: Try. *(The* GENERAL *prepares to listen, taking up a romantic stance. The* WIFE *and* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *look at each other in embarrassment)* No?

WIFE: No. I'm truly sorry, sir I can't.

GENERAL *(Suspicious)* You hadn't learned it by heart, had you, from some learned volume—stolen from my library?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: We can't read, sir.

GENERAL: Why, then, did you compare yourself to a book?

WIFE: It was a . . . a manner of speaking, sir.

GENERAL: It was a manner of singing. You can't remember any of it, can you?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *(After a look at his* WIFE*)* No, sir.

GENERAL: You mean all that is lost?

WIFE: It comes out differently, sir, every time we see one another.

GENERAL: If you are left alone, is that it? In other words, I'm not wanted—not wanted in my own sixty thousand acres? *(His eyes half-closed)* I seem to remember you from some other field . . . a field which sprouted rosemary and thyme . . . you came forward with that same irritating look of impervious innocence, a bunch of ridiculous little flowers gathered in your fist . . .

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I have often gathered flowers, sir.

GENERAL *(Slow—his eyes half shut in reminiscence)* And you . . . that swollen womb is nothing new . . . that look of health, that indecent sparkle . . . that galling smell of the open air and clean linen . . . you asked a question . . .

WIFE: This will be our first child, sir.

GENERAL: Curious . . . *(The* SERGEANT *marches on with his* MEN. *They carry bows and arrows)*

SERGEANT: Lef' Ri' Lef' Ri' Halt! Three hearty cheers for the Count of Rochentiere. Hip Hip . . .

CHORUS: 'Ray!

SERGEANT: You can do better than that! Hip Hip . . .

CHORUS: 'Ray!

GENERAL *(A languorous falconer's hand aloft)* I am touched by your loyalty. Where are you going?

SERGEANT: To the archery range, may it please you, to test the Professor's new weapon.

GENERAL: Good. Good. Test it well, for it is fiendish.

SERGEANT *(Spotting* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER*)* What are you doing there then? (*murmur among the* MEN) Where you been?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Dead, I believe.

SERGEANT: Fall in then!

GENERAL: Do not be hard on him, Odbert. The lad's a poet.

SERGEANT: A what? Yes, sir. Very good, sir. *(The* INVENTOR *enters, wearing the macabre black cap of medieval men of learning, and metal-rimmed glasses. He carries a device looking like a crossbow, but seemingly twice as heavy. He finds difficulty in transporting it)*

INVENTOR *(As German as ever)* I thought you were going to send some men to fetch the weapon! I am engaged here as a man of learning, not as a manual laborer!

SERGEANT: Beg pardon, Professor. You, the poet, take the weapon, and fall in! *(The* UNKNOWN SOLDIER *takes the weapon)*

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Ooh! It's heavy!

INVENTOR *(Rasping)* It is not heavy! It is an infantry weapon, therefore it is light!

SERGEANT: Lef' Ri' Lef' Ri' . . . *(The* MEN, *including* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, *march off)*

INVENTOR *(Beaming)* With my new weapon, Count, you will soon be master of the known world!

GENERAL: I am gratified, Professor . . . but how to conquer the unknown world?

INVENTOR *(Irritated, after a momentary hesitation)* One thing at a time please. *(He goes) The* GENERAL *turns to seek the* WIFE)

GENERAL: Now that we are alone, my dear . . . *(He fails to find her. The* ARCHBISHOP *re-enters behind him)*

ARCHBISHOP: Ah, there you are, my son. I have been waiting for you in the chapel. Will you not confess today?

GENERAL: I do not feel like confessing today, Father, I have too much on my mind.

ARCHBISHOP: My son, you must. I cannot allow you to squander your fortune on pardons when there is an easier, cheaper way.

GENERAL: Does the money for the pardons ever get halfway to Rome?

ARCHBISHOP: Ten Hail Marys for that crack, my son. Kneel with me here, if you will. I will draw my cowl over my head to preserve the necessary anonymity. I have things to tell you. *(They kneel)*

GENERAL: You have things to tell me?

ARCHBISHOP: I must confess you first.

GENERAL: My mind is troubled, Lord Abbot. I have had women—enjoyed them in the vulgar parlance—yet I did not enjoy them. They come to make my bed—anonymous women, their arms full of sheets. They are my serfs. I exercise my rights. All passes joylessly, in silence.

ARCHBISHOP: All this since yesterday?

GENERAL: Since this afternoon, I believe. Lads too—they make a change.

ARCHBISHOP: Heavens! Is there no end to your appetites?

GENERAL: I have found no vice which appeases me for longer than the time it takes to perform it.

ARCHBISHOP: My son, there is no alternative to the hair shirt and the scourge.

GENERAL: The hair shirt is bad for the skin.

ARCHBISHOP: Better the skin should suffer than the soul.

GENERAL: Men only see the skin.

ARCHBISHOP: Our Father sees them both. Come, my son. I will thrash you lightly.

GENERAL: I have not finished my confession.

ARCHBISHOP: Is there more then? Is it possible?

GENERAL: My waking hours drift into night—my sleeping hours, if I ever sleep, drift into day. I sometimes wake the cooks at night to banquet all alone—and I sometimes retire at noon. I may walk in sleep or lie abed awake—where dreams begin and actions end I am not sure. I wonder, therefore, if I perform these horrid deeds at all, or whether they are not all done in my head, for my solitary delight.

ARCHBISHOP: Are you sure of this?

GENERAL: I can be sure of nothing now.

ARCHBISHOP: Men of high station deserve the benefit of our doubt. Since you are half-drowned in dreams, my son—I command you to dream that you have been soundly whipped by me. *(The* GENERAL *writhes and howls as though he is being flogged)* Not now, my son. Your fustigation can wait. You have given me an earnest of your intention to relish every blow, and that is enough to go on with. I need to talk to you.

GENERAL: What is it?

ARCHBISHOP: You need a change of air, my son. Your skin is flaky, your complexion sallow, while your mind festers with depravity.

GENERAL: What do you suggest?

ARCHBISHOP: I have no suggestion; Rome has.

GENERAL: Rome?

ARCHBISHOP: His Holiness himself! On his behalf I can promise you, in writing—listen carefully—a remission of all sins, past, present and *future*. You realize what this means? A passport to paradise!

GENERAL *(Dry)* What are his conditions?

ARCHBISHOP: Why do you speak so quickly of

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conditions?

GENERAL: Because I am a man, and so is His Holiness. Why are you so disappointed?

ARCHBISHOP: I expected at least a moment of unmitigated delight.

GENERAL: I will express delight when and if I feel it. What are his conditions?

ARCHBISHOP: Take a crusade to the Holy Land, my son.

GENERAL: You call that a change of air? Mosquitos, pestilence and sores?

ARCHBISHOP: All *future* sins?

GENERAL: A crusade may last for years! Armand de Queslin and Raymond de la Baule never came back at all!

ARCHBISHOP: They are in Heaven at this moment, and better off than here. I guarantee it!

GENERAL: I may miss ten, 15 hunting seasons.

ARCHBISHOP: Copulation to your heart's desire, free of moral charge.

GENERAL: No more chamber music!

ARCHBISHOP: The music of gold cascading into coffers.

GENERAL: No.

ARCHBISHOP (*An appeal to reason*) My son, Christianity needs you.

GENERAL (*Slowly*) And before it was Rome, wasn't it? It's nice to be needed.

ARCHBISHOP (*Slowly*) You remember, do you?

GENERAL: Oh yes . . . memory comes fitfully, in flashes . . . I remember then being a victim of your faith. You made me stab you, and after that I knew no peace. I had killed an unarmed man at his own request. Can one go further in servility? No, I will not go to the Holy Land.

ARCHBISHOP: Can't you see that you have had your revenge already, my son? His Holiness, in his infinite understanding, offers you a pardon for sins as yet uncommitted, and yet you say, with reprehensible arrogance, that he is only a man. If he is a man, how much less of a man am I, and what is my pardon worth? I can no longer absolve you. You cheat at every confession.

GENERAL: You came here as my confessor, with endorsed credentials!

ARCHBISHOP: But since then you have worn away my faith as surely as water wears away a rock. You have had your revenge, my son. I came to lift you off the ground; you have brought me to my knees. I cannot exonerate you before God. You are on your own.

GENERAL (*Slowly*) Religion is blackmail. It holds a man's opinion of himself to ransom.

ARCHBISHOP: Religion is business as well. It assesses the value of a man's opinion to himself.

GENERAL: Religion is superstition. It makes a man conscious of the alternatives.

ARCHBISHOP: Religion is the work of God . . .

GENERAL: Perfected by the Devil. I will go to Jerusalem.

ARCHBISHOP: Deo gratias! (*They go out, the* ARCHBISHOP *murmuring a prayer. The light becomes white and blinding. The atmosphere changes to one of intense heat. The* SOLDIERS *stagger in from the right, followed by the* SERGEANT. *They fall to the ground. The* REBEL *is one of them. They can go no further. They are in rags*)

SERGEANT (*Comatose, once they have fallen*) Right. Fall out! Wait . . . for . . . it! Fall not! (*He falls to the ground*)

35914 (*Feeble*) You've got some water, by the Holy Cross! Why can't we have a sip?

SERGEANT (*Feeble*) It's Holy water, for the daily benedictions. You lumberheaded blunderbumpkins won't never be able to tell the secular water from the divine, will you?

94343: We seen you take a swig.

SERGEANT: I was testin' its freshness, got it? In *case* we're reduced to using it. I never ask the men to do nothing I'm unwilling to do myself.

35914: How was it then?

SERGEANT: Un-ruddy-drinkable. Satisfied?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: No, I'm not satisfied . . .

SERGEANT: Eh?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: They didn't even give me time to say goodbye.

SERGEANT: When you get back, my boy, there'll be a large bouncin' lad to greet you. That'll be a nice surprise, won't it?

REBEL: A large bouncing lad about 25 years old, the way this campaign's going.

SERGEANT: I don't want no rumination from you. I got my eye on you. If it wasn't so flamin' hot, I'd settle you.

REBEL: Well it is so flaming hot. You can't even see to keep your eye on me. Every time you blink, the perspiration rolls in. (*Feeble outcry from the* MEN)

14768: It's bad enough without you telling us what we already know.

REBEL: Oh God, what fools men become when there are more than one of them!

71696: You have a pretty low opinion of your fellow soldiers if I understand you rightly.

REBEL: I love man. I despise men.

14768: Go away then, leave us alone.

REBEL: I'd like nothing better, but that's called desertion. (*The* SERGEANT *begins to writhe*)

94343: What's up, Odbert?

SERGEANT: Crass cuckholding cramps in me stuttering stomach!

35914: You shouldn't have swigged that Holy water.

REBEL: Here endeth the first lesson.

71696: With Holy water in your bowels, you should go straight to Heaven by rights—that's if there's any justice.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Death is a waste of time. (*They all stir despite their stupor*) All men die at night, and it holds no fear when it goes by the name of sleep. What holds fear is dying. (*The* WIFE *appears*)

WIFE: Why do you speak of death? Have you forgotten—

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I have remembered. To die is but search for you again.

SERGEANT (*Gruff*) Who are you talkin' to?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: What would you write to me, I wonder, if you could write?

WIFE: I am not lonely, because I am alone. The men have gone. The hunting horns are silent. There is no mischief anywhere. Even the beasts of the forest wander into the pasture unafraid. There's nothing to confess. And what would you write?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER:

I'd write, I'd write . . . let me see . . .
I'd write that I am lonely because I am not alone
My loneliness travels with me. Six thousand men carry it
And I carry theirs for them. I share my secrets
As I share my water and my food.

WIFE: But why? These men were never friends of yours.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Where there is no choice, all men are friends. (*Pause*) Why are you silent?

WIFE: I feel another journey coming. The child begins to stir, and I know my cue for tears. I will not cry. I will not cry at all. Now or then.

ARCHBISHOP (*Entering*) Why are you crying, my child?

WIFE (*Angry, turning her head away*) Crying? I am so angry with my man!

ARCHBISHOP: Angry, child? Can he help his absence any more than I can help my presence?

WIFE: Why are you here to bother me?

ARCHBISHOP: They deemed I was too old to die before my time. Rest assured, your man will return . . .

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I have marked my place in the book. Even if it drops from my hand,

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I will know every detail of what went before.

WIFE: Why should you die? The others will stay alive!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: A coward can survive. He finds out nothing. He merely stays alive.

WIFE: Is that not enough?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: No.

ARCHBISHOP (*Unhappy*) My child, my child!

SERGEANT (*Crawling over to* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER) Here, take a sip of water, man. You're ravin'!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I don't want it.

SERGEANT (*As violent as he can manage*) Take it! That's an order! You're under-bloody-mining us all!

CHORUS: Take it . . . go on . . . etc. (*The* GENERAL *enters in full armor—hardly able to move*)

GENERAL: Water, for the love of God!

SERGEANT: Platoon! To your feet! (*They struggle to their knees*)

GENERAL: Forget the protocol! Just give me water.

SERGEANT: It is blessed.

GENERAL: I don't care if it's perspiration of a saint, I must have it!

SERGEANT (*As he gives the* GENERAL *his flask*) It's the last we have. (*The* GENERAL *drains it*)

GENERAL: Is there no more? (*The* MEN *look at each other, dismay and hatred suddenly written on their faces. A weird sound is heard*) The infidel! Every time I put this armor on, I feel a pressing need to relieve myself.

SERGEANT: We can get you out of there in half an hour.

GENERAL: With the enemy so close? Are you mad? No, no, it must be a nervous reaction to the imminence of battle. It will pass. Where did the sound of the trumpet come from?

SERGEANT (*Pointing right*) From over there.

GENERAL: Then we will advance in the opposite direction. With a little luck we may outflank them.

SERGEANT: Form up! Shoulder crossbows! (*The* MEN *form up with the greatest difficulty*) Any order of the day, sir?

GENERAL: Instruct every man to pray for my safety.

SERGEANT: You heard that, men. Start praying! (*They go off like a hideous parody of the Crucifixion*) Right, prayers over. Someone give us the song of the Old Hermit of Chartres.

REBEL: I'll sing it. I've written new words for it:

There was an Old Hermit of Chartres
Who fell in love with a tartre
The cunning old fox
Contracted the pox
And became a good Christian martre
Alleluia! Alle-lu-ia!
When he died, that hermit of Chartres
In the church of the Sacred Heartre
They laid him in State
A victim of fate
In his hands, a cross—and her gartre
Alleluia! Alle-lu-ia!

(*They disappear. The Arabic trumpet sounds a louder and more imminent note*)

ARCHBISHOP: Come with me. Do not stand here, staring into the distance. What can you see, child?

WIFE: I'll tell you soon enough. (*There is a sound of the clash of arms, shrieks and screams. It rises to an electronic intensity, dies on a sob. The* VICTOR *appears. He was known as the* ENEMY LEADER *in Roman times. He is now in the gorgeous robes of an Arab Chieftain. With him is his daughter, veiled. He claps his hands. A couple of* ARABS *carry in the suit of armor, and set it down*)

ENEMY LEADER (*Tapping the armor with his scimitar*) Are you still in there, Christian? You have had the incalculable misfortune to fall into the hands of the Emir Ibrahim Bin Yussuf Al Hadj, the richest of your opponents, and the most devout. As an opponent, you are beneath contempt. The stupidity of your maneuvers in the desert almost convinced us not to honor you with battle. When at last we did, your men ran away. They had no love and no respect for you. You must be a bad man. (*The* COUNT *enters. He wears only a loincloth, and his hands are tied. He looks minute alongside his armor.* THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *enters with him, also tied*) Oh, there you are! How you have shrunk in defeat, little fellow.

GENERAL: I am Archibald, Count of Rochentiere.

ENEMY LEADER (*Sarcastic*) Who would have thought it.

GENERAL: A ransom can be arranged.

ENEMY LEADER: Not with me. No money can speak for you. (*Curious*) Ah, after all, you have one soldier with you who did not run away. Do you plead for your leader's life, fellow?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: I didn't run away. That's all I can say.

ENEMY LEADER (*Staring at him*) But I know you . . . not so much your face as your expression . . . Yasmina, my daughter, do you remember him?

WOMAN (*Unsure*) No . . .

ENEMY LEADER: A tree . . . a tree beside a mountain path . . . we passed in chains, you and I . . . a couple of Roman soldiers staring at the sky like lovers . . . (*He turns slowly to the* GENERAL, *snarling*) And you! Three times round the walls of Rome . . . now I know you! Showered with rose petals by that belching, puking, stinking Roman mob! The rocks and pebbles hammering my head. I hoped that every second would be my last, but still I lived on.

GENERAL: Stop it! Those were different times . . .

ENEMY LEADER (*Full of loathing*) Different times!

GENERAL: There were no great moral issues. We all behaved like animals. We knew no better.

ENEMY LEADER: Did we not? I asked you whether you believed in a life after death and you mocked me. Now have you learned to believe? I still do, alas. I cannot kill you forever! (*He lunges at the* GENERAL. THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *steps forward*)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: No! (*He accepts the blow on the shoulder and sinks to the ground*) No more death . . . (*He dies*)

WIFE: Now try to console me.

ARCHBISHOP: I look into your eyes, and see that I cannot.

WIFE: No, you cannot . . . (*She goes slowly*)

ARCHBISHOP (*With a great howl of remorse*) Oh my God, to what folly have I lent your name?

ENEMY LEADER (*Slow*) You have found a man to die for you, and it has appeased my anger. Who was he?

GENERAL (*Shaking*) I never knew his name.

ENEMY LEADER (*With opulent oriental melancholy*) With what economy he expressed himself, and made us look like fools! We will build a fountain from which fresh water will play eternally. Our finest craftsmen will encrust it with rubies and emeralds, symbolizing blood and hope. It will be known as the fountain of the Unknown Warrior, the words "No more death" will be inscribed upon it, and it will be a place of pilgrimage.

GENERAL: All this for a simple soldier?

ENEMY LEADER (*With a return of cunning*) All this for a simple soldier. And for the Count? What did he do to you after I had been taken to Rome, Yasmina?

WOMAN: He respected me for a day or two.

ENEMY LEADER: How strange—and then?

WOMAN: Then he took me to his bed after all.

ENEMY LEADER: He made you his wife?

WOMAN: No. He sold me into slavery. He had a wife already.

ENEMY LEADER: I see. He likes many women, as we do. The life of the harem would suit him down to the ground, don't you think?

GENERAL: I have all the women I want in my castle.

ENEMY LEADER: Did nobody warn you that it is dangerous to refuse the hospitality of an Arab? We are extremely sensitive people. Generosity is a part of our religion. I invite you to share my harem with me for life.

GENERAL: I am, of course, profoundly touched.

ENEMY LEADER: As a eunuch.

GENERAL: You must be joking?

ENEMY LEADER: I am prepared to laugh, Roman! Take him away! (*The* ARABS *bustle the screaming* GENERAL *out. The* ENEMY LEADER *laughs*) Is the joke a good one, Yasmina?

WOMAN: Very good, O my father, but I can't help wondering . . .

ENEMY LEADER: Yes?

WOMAN: What will he do to you next time?

ENEMY LEADER (*Nervous, for once*) You are right, my treasure . . . (*As they go—*) Once he is castrated, we must treat him with every consideration.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER & HIS WIFE *will be produced by Alexander Cohen at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre at Lincoln Center in New York City, and will open on July 6th. We wish it a long and happy run.*

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The Future of Israel

by I. F. Stone

No journalist has been closer to the birth of Israel than I.F. Stone, for the last 15 years editor and publisher of the uniquely independent Washington newsletter, I.F. Stone's Weekly. He has been in Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Turkey. He first reached Palestine on November 2, 1945, the day the underground Jewish Army, the Haganah, *blew up bridges and watchtowers to begin its struggle against the British in order to open the country to the survivors of the Hitler death camps.*

In the spring of 1946, Stone was the first journalist in the world to travel from Poland to Palestine as an illegal Jewish immigrant through the British blockade on one of the Haganah's *vessels. In 1947 he went on one of the British prison ships to spend Passover in the camps in Cyprus where captured illegal immigrants were detained. In 1948 he covered the Arab-Jewish war, and was the first correspondent to reach Jerusalem in the early hours of the morning when the siege was lifted. He returned to Israel in 1949, 1950, 1956 and again in 1964. His* Underground to Palestine *was published in 1946 and* This Is Israel, *a history of the Arab-Jewish war and of Jewish Palestine, in 1948. He was awarded a medal by the* Haganah *for his underground trip in 1946.*

AFTER her swift military victory, Israel now faces a prolonged war of nerves. Her antagonists in this war will not be the Arabs but the two "superpowers," the Soviets openly, the United States more covertly. Both countries will bring strong pressure to bear on Israel to give up her territorial gains in return for new international guarantees at Aqaba, on the Suez, along her borders and in reunited Jerusalem.

Israel's diplomatic position is as difficult as her strategic position. On the one side are the superpowers for whom she has been a pawn; on the other the Arabs for whom she is an enemy. The Soviets voted for partition of Palestine in 1947 and recognized the state of Israel in order to dislodge British power from the Middle East. Two decades later, the Soviets armed Egypt and Syria against Israel in the hope of dislodging American power; they saw Israel as Nasser's means of reuniting the Arab world under a revolutionary leadership which would seize the oil fields and evict the Western powers from Arabia and Iran, just as Nasser evicted England and France from Suez. This was the Grand Design of Russian *realpolitik*.

Israel's unexpectedly swift military victory upset that design. By defeating Nasser, Israel did Lyndon Johnson an enormous favor, but it is a mistake to assume that he will reciprocate. From an Arab point of view, Israel appears as a Western tool: she was planted in Palestine under Anglo-American auspices; she is financially dependent on Western, especially American, Jewry; she joined with England and France against Egypt in the Suez adventure of 1956; and she has now handed a stunning defeat to the chief nationalist leader of the Arab world, for whom a coalition of feudal chiefs, Anglo-American oil companies and (according to Nasser) CIA agents have been gunning. But from an Israeli point of view, all of her Western allies let her down when the crunch came: the U.S. declared neutrality, France went back on her alliance with Israel, and Britain was abject in trying to assure the Arabs that she wasn't taking sides. Had Israel been overwhelmed—so the Israelis feel—none of these "allies" would have come to her aid in time—if at all. In a showdown, for the West as well as for the Russians, the main concern is Arab oil and Arab numbers.

The ambivalence of American policy in this Mideast crisis is hardly new. It has been characteristic of U.S. policy since the beginning of Israel's struggle for independence. Although in November 1947 the U.S. voted for the U.N. plan to partition Palestine into linked Arab and Jewish states, the State Department tried desperately to prevent that plan's consummation in the first few months of 1948. When I left Washington in April 1948, to cover for the newspaper PM what everyone felt would be an Arab-Jewish war as soon as the plan took effect on May 15, Secretary of State Marshall was threatening privately to cut off United Jewish Appeal funds for Palestine if the Jews there went ahead and established a state. The Number One question with which I was greeted everywhere was whether the U.S. would actually carry out that threat. Ben Gurion was determined to declare statehood in spite of it, and there was a burst of jubilation in Tel Aviv—already blacked out in expectation of Egyptian air raids—on the night of May 15, when word came that President Truman had recognized the newly declared state. The United States was torn then, as it still is, between oil interests in the Arab states and the Jewish vote at home.

The same pattern was visible in the new crisis. To take sides with Israel would have endangered the $2.5 billion stake that American oil companies have in the Middle East. No politician from an oil state like Texas could fail to be aware of this. The

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major oil companies are the most powerful influence on American foreign policy: Standard Oil (New Jersey) earns 54 per cent of its net income abroad; Texaco earns 35 per cent. The oil-rich Arabian deserts are the holiest places of the Middle East for the world's oil cartels. The *realpolitik* of oil dictated, firstly, a hands-off policy in any Arab-Israeli war, for fear that oil holdings might be sabotaged and expropriated. But secondly, it would have called for intervention, had Nasser won, for fear that oil-poor Egypt would then take over the oil resources of the Arab Middle East as she had seized the Suez Canal in 1956.

It was out of fear of Nasser and Arab nationalism that the United States provided pro-Western regimes in Saudi Arabia and Jordan with arms which were later mobilized against Israel. Had Israel fallen, the U.S. would have moved. The Middle East is more important strategically and economically by far than Vietnam, and the U.S. would have had to mobilize for a second "Vietnam" in the Middle East, with all the attendant risk of a confrontation with the Soviet Union. This is the dimension of America's debt to Israel, but it is not a debt Israel can collect, even though her very existence was at stake. And it was at stake because both superpowers had poured enormous quantities of arms into the hands of their respective Arab client states, while Israel had to scrounge all around the world in order to supply her armies. She owed her Air Force to a French conflict with Arab North Africa, long since healed and ended. Both Washington and Moscow will now be impelled to resume the rearmament of the Arabs in their rivalry for influence, while France no longer wishes to strain her new friendship with Arab North Africa and Egypt by supplying Israel with aircraft. Just as Moscow and Washington joined forces in 1956 to make the English, French and Israelis withdraw from Suez, so they will now, separately or in concert, pressure the Israelis to give up their territorial gains without firm guarantees from their Arab neighbors. Both superpowers will play for Arab friendship.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAVINE in which Israel finds herself isolated looks as forbidding but, if scaled, would be more promising in the long run. This would be to independently seek reconciliation with her Arab neighbors. The problem is given a new urgency by the conquest of the Gaza strip and the west bank of the Jordan, which now puts the bulk of the Palestinian Arab refugees right back under Israeli control. It is as if, no matter how or where they turn, two million Israelis find themselves, even in victory, surrounded by the same sea of Arabs. The original U.N. partition plan called for an Arab state and a Jewish state linked together in an economically united Palestine. Gaza and the west bank were to be part of the Arab State. One wing of the Zionist movement, albeit a minority, had always supported a binational solution anyway, somewhat along Swiss lines. It is not beyond political ingenuity to work out a scheme whereby some kind of confederation could be created, perhaps also including Jordan by giving her a corridor to the Mediterranean. There could still be a predominantly Jewish state, but one linked fraternally with one or two Arab states, one Palestinian, one Jordanian. The funds for Arab resettlement could be spent in providing new homes in a developing economy for all Arab residents, whether they are refugees from Jewish-occupied Palestine or not.

Moshe Dayan himself has spoken cryptically if reluctantly of confederation. Israel's swift and brilliant military victories only make some such settlement and reconciliation all the more urgent. There lies the final solution of the refugee problem and permanent security for Israel. The funds which the world Jewish community has been raising to aid Israel could be diverted to this constructive and human cause, and diverted in gratitude that the war ended so swiftly with relatively little damage to either side. Imagine how impossible reconciliation would now be if Tel Aviv had been destroyed by the Egyptians, and Cairo or Aswan Dam by the Israelis. It was a moral tragedy —to which no Jew worthy of our best prophetic tradition could be insensitive—that a kindred people was made homeless in the task of finding new homes for the remnants of the Hitler holocaust. Now is the time to right that wrong, to show magnanimity in victory, and to lay the foundations of a new order in the Middle East by which Israelis and Arabs can live in peace.

This alone can make Israel secure. This is the third Israeli-Arab war in 20 years. In the absence of a general settlement, war will recur at regular intervals. The Arabs will thirst for revenge. The Israelis will be tempted again to wage preventive war. The Israeli borders are so precarious, the communications so easily cut, as to be untenable in static defensive warfare. A surprise attack would cut Israel into half a dozen parts. A long war would be suicidal for a community of little more than two million Jews in a sea of 50 million Arabs. Only total mobilization can defend it, and total mobilization is impossible for any extended term in Israel, since it brings the wheels of the economy to a crawl. The strategic and demographic circumstances dictate *blitzkrieg*, and *blitzkrieg* is a dangerous gamble. To be forced to keep that weapon in reserve is ruinous.

It is ruinous financially and it is ruinous morally. It imposes a huge armament burden. It feeds an ever more intense and costly arms race, as each side seeks frantically for newer and more complex weapons. It brings with it a spiral of fear and hate. It creates within Israel the atmosphere of a besieged community, ringed by hostile neighbors, its back to the sea, skeptical, with good reason, of the world community, relying only on her own military strength, turning every man and woman into a soldier, regarding every Arab within her borders distrustfully as a potential Fifth Columnist, and glorying in her military strength. Chauvinism and militarism are the inescapable results. They can turn Israel into an Ishmael. They can create a minuscule Prussia, not the beneficent Zion of which the prophets and Zionists dreamed. The East will not be redeemed by turning it into a new Wild West, where Israel can rely only on a quick draw with a six-shooter.

In justice to Israel, no one can forget the terrible history that has turned the Jewish state into a fighting community. Events still fresh in living memory illustrate how little reliance may be placed on the conscience of mankind. Long before the crematoria were built, in the six years of Nazi rule before World War II, refugees met a cold shoulder. Our State Department, like the British Foreign Office, distinguished itself in those years by its anemic indifference to the oppressed and its covert undertone of admiration for the Axis; our few antifascist ambassadors, like Dodd in Berlin and Bowers in Madrid, were treated miserably by the Department. The welcome signs in the civilized world were few, and even now, if events were reversed and Israel were overrun, it could expect

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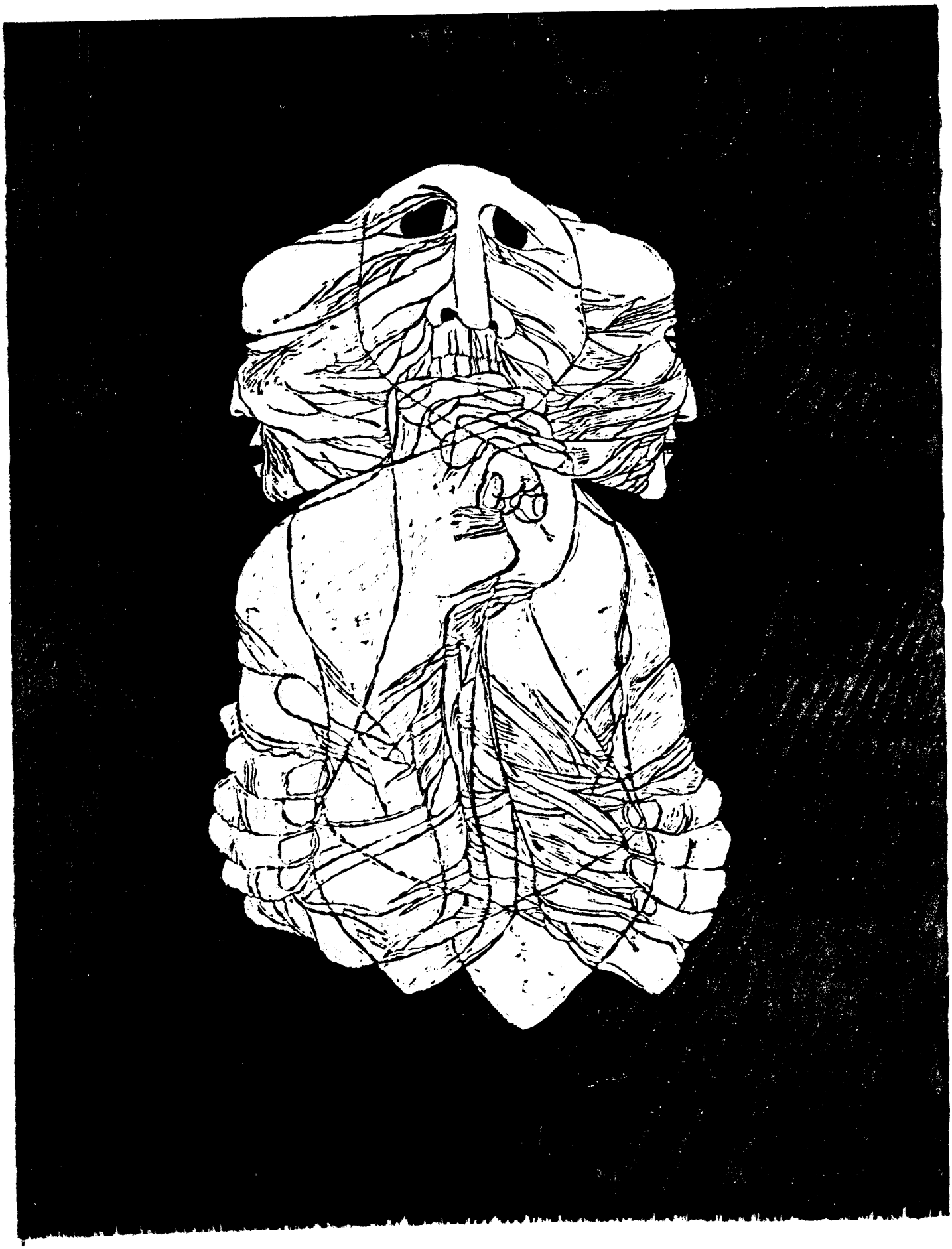

Woodcut by Stephen Osborn

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little more than a few hand-wringing resolutions. If the upshot of this new struggle is the expropriation of Western Europe's oil sources in the Middle East, it will only seem to history a giant retribution for the moral failure that forced the survivors of Hitlerism to seek a refuge in the inhospitable deserts, drawn by the pitiful mirage of an ancestral home.

THE PRECEDENT OF THE CEASE-FIRE resolution at the U.N. *is* a most disturbing one. It accepts preventive war and allows the country which launched it to keep the fruits of aggression as a bargaining card. But Israel has a right to ask what the U.N. was prepared to do if Nasser had been able to carry out his threats of total war and the complete destruction of Israel. Who would have intervened in time? Who would take the survivors? These are the bitter thoughts which explain Israel's belief that she can rely only on herself. But to understand this is not to accept it. The challenge to the world is the creation of a better order, the first step toward which would be to remove the Middle East from the arena of great power rivalry; this alone can keep it from sooner or later becoming the starting point of another world war. The challenge to Israel is to conquer something more bleak and forbidding than even the Negev or Sinai, and that is the hearts of her Arab neighbors. This would be greater and more permanent than any military victory. Abba Eban exultantly called the sweep of Israel's armies "the finest day in Israel's modern history." The finest day will be the day she achieves reconciliation with the Arabs.

To achieve it will require an act of sympathy worthy of the best in Jewry's Biblical heritage. It is to understand and forgive an enemy, and thus convert him into a friend. A certain obtuseness was unfortunately evident in Abba Eban's brilliant presentation of Israel's cause to the Security Council. To rest a case on Jewish homelessness, and to simultaneously refuse to see the Arabs who have been made homeless, is only another illustration of that tribal blindness which plagues the human race and plunges it constantly into bloodshed. The first step toward reconciliation is to recognize that Arab bitterness has real and deep roots. The refugees lost their farms, their villages, their offices, their cities and their country.

Just as Jews everywhere sympathize with their people, so Arabs everywhere sympathize and identify with theirs. They feel that anti-Semitic Europe solved its Jewish problem at Arab expense. To a rankling sense of injustice is now added a third episode in military humiliation. Zionist propaganda always spoke of the role that the Jews could play in helping to modernize the Arab world. Unless firm steps are now taken towards a general and generous settlement, this will become true in a sense never intended. The repercussions of the 1948 war set off seismic tremors that brought a wave of nationalist revolutions in Egypt, Syria and Iraq. The repercussions of this current defeat will lead a new generation of Arabs to modernize and mobilize for revenge, inspired (like the Jews) by memories of past glory.

Considering their numbers and resources and the general rise of all the colonial people in this period, the Arabs must eventually prevail. Those who shudder to think that Israel, with all the cost in devotion and all she honorably won in marsh and desert, might be destroyed after a short life, as were the Maccabean and Crusader kingdoms before her, all who want her to live and grow in peace, must seek to avoid such a solution. Israel cannot live very long in a hostile Arab sea. She cannot set her face against that renaissance of Arabic unity and civilization which began to stir a generation ago. She cannot remain a Western outpost in an Afro-Asian world casting off Western domination. She cannot repeat on a bigger scale the mistakes she made in Algeria, where Israel and Zionism were allies of Soustelle and Massu and the French rightists. She must join the Third World if she is to survive. No quickie military victories should blind her to the inescapable—in the long run she cannot defeat the Arabs. She must join them. The Jews played a great role in Arabic civilization in the Middle Ages. A Jewish state can play a similar role in a new Semitic renaissance. This is the perspective of safety, of honor, and of fraternity.

ONE CRUCIAL STEP in this direction would be, in the very hour of victory, to heal wounded Arab pride as much as possible, and in particular to reach a new understanding with Nasser. Both American policy and Israeli policy have sacrificed long range wisdom to short-sighted advantage in dealing with the Egyptian leader. He is a military dictator, he wages his own Vietnam in Yemen, he uses poison gas there against his own people, he runs a police state. But he is also the first Egyptian ruler to give Egypt's downtrodden *fellahin* a break. It is fascinating to recall that Egypt has been ruled by foreigners almost since the days when David and Solomon ruled in Israel. Not until Nasser's time, and the eviction of the British and French at Suez, have the Egyptians become the master in their own ancient house. Nasser's program has given Egypt its first taste of reform, on the land, in the factory, in health and educational services. His accomplishments certainly surpass those of a comparable military figure, Ayub in Pakistan. The U.S. oil interests, Johnson's animosity and Israel's ill-will have been united in recent years in efforts to get rid of him. They have all favored feudal monarchs like Saudi Arabia's whose day is done.

It is Nasser who represents the future and who can create the internal stability so necessary to peace. The alternative if he is overthrown will ultimately be some far more fanatical and less constructive force, like the Moslem Brotherhood. If war makes sense only as an extension of politics by other means, then Israel's victory will make political sense only if it leads to a new era of reconciliation with all her Arab neighbors. There is no reason why Israel's little "Peace Corps" could not do for the Arab states what it has done in many of the African states. To win Arab friendship will in the long run be worth far more than any military victory. Two millenia ago, Isaiah envisioned just such a war as we have now seen, and predicted just such a reconciliation as the one here projected. "And the land of Judah," the greatest of the Hebrew prophets foretold, "shall be a terror unto Egypt. . . . And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite it and heal it. . . . In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria; and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing into the midst of the land; whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance."

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One million women a year works out to about two every minute. Every minute, two women somewhere in America undergo illegal abortions. Every two hours or so, one of them dies trying.

Several states are now adopting, or at least considering, a humane abortion law.

That'll be a big step forward, won't it?

No.

by Gene Marine with Art Goldberg

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[MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY]

DR. ALAN GUTTMACHER is now chairman of Planned Parenthood World Population, of which more later, but he used to be director of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital. "While I was working at Mount Sinai," he said, "I was really torn apart to witness every year a notorious woman drug addict come in off the street and deposit a new baby. These children were taken from the woman by Welfare. She didn't want them and certainly the children born to her were cursed by their environment, from the start."

The notorious woman drug addict is not among those million women in the statistics. Neither is anybody else who is afraid to have an abortion, or doesn't know how to get an abortion, or can't afford an abortion. I would guess that for every woman who gets an abortion, there are two who would like to but don't, but of course that's only a guess.

[THE AMERICAN LAW INSTITUTE]

A LOT OF STATES are busy enacting portions of a model penal code cooked up by the Institute in 1959. In that model penal code there's a section on abortion; this "model law" is the one which, with minor variations, has been enacted by Colorado and North Carolina, is under consideration in California, and was defeated earlier this year in New York, where the speaker of the assembly sent it to a pet committee that could be counted on to kill it.

Before the ALI bill made it in Colorado and North Carolina, the only legal excuse for abortion in America was to save the life of the mother, or (in Alabama, New Mexico, Oregon and the District of Columbia) to prevent serious and permanent damage to the mother's health. There are some tricky phrases in a couple of other states, but they don't provide any other real reasons to allow abortions.

The ALI's director, Herbert Wechsler, told a reporter, "We at the Institute felt that a law which is widely violated, and is widely violated by people who don't in general break the law, must be suspected of serious error."

So the ALI came up with this bill, which would allow abortion (performed in a hospital by a doctor) if the pregnancy would otherwise kill the mother; would seriously and permanently endanger her physical or mental health; or would result in the birth of a child with grave and permanent physical deformity or mental retardation. The bill would also allow abortion in the case of a young girl (under 16 in the ALI version) or when a pregnancy has resulted from rape or incest.

That covers German measles and thalidomide cases like Sherri Finkbine's. Also, according to abortion reform enthusiasts, it makes a neat loophole ("physical *or mental* health of the mother") through which a determined psychiatrist could drive a truck.

Abortion reform enthusiasts are mostly middle class.

[A HEARING ROOM IN ALBANY, NEW YORK]

STATE ASSEMBLYMAN Albert Blumenthal having introduced a somewhat more stringent version of the ALI bill in the New York legislature, two committees held a joint hearing on the bill in February 1967.

Witnesses for and against the legislation agreed that the widest possible stretching of the ALI criteria would not cover more than 20 per cent of the abortions which are today performed illegally in the United States. That leaves about 800,000 a year.

[SLOANE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, NEW YORK CITY]

DR. ROBERT E. HALL of New York published in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology a study of all the "legal" abortions performed in this hospital over a ten-year period. About two-thirds of them, Dr. Hall wrote, were probably illegal under New York law, a lot of them having been granted because of rubella (German measles) or arthritis or something like that.

But in Sloane, as in a lot of other hospitals, there are ward patients who don't have a lot of money, and there are private room patients who have more. The "therapeutic" abortions, Dr. Hall wrote, "were more common among the private patients at Sloane Hospital for virtually all of the more debatable indications, such as arthritis, inactive tuberculosis, and rubella, and more common among the ward patients for most of the less debatable indications, such as rheumatic heart disease and hypertensive cardiovascular disease."

In other words, the ward patient might get the abortion that the law really means to cover, but it is the private patient for whom the law is stretched, bent or simply broken. When they start stretching the "mental health" clause, guess who it'll get stretched for?

In the Sloane Hospital study, not incidentally, all the private patients were white except one Oriental woman. Forty per cent of the ward patients were black.

[TWO HOSPITALS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.]

DURING 1962, at the Columbia Hospital for Women, there were 1345 live babies delivered for ward patients. In the same year, on the same wards, there were no "therapeutic" abortions. But among the private patients in the same hospital, there was one abortion for every 125 live births.

At D.C. General Hospital, where the poor women go to have their babies, and where there are no private patients, there was one abortion for 14,300 live births.

A study of 60 non-Catholic hospitals across the United States showed that private patients get abortions in one out of every 316 pregnancies; ward patients get them in one out of every 1150 pregnancies.

[VARIOUS LOCATIONS ABROAD]

ABOUT TEN THOUSAND WOMEN go to Puerto Rico every year in search of abortions, which is more than 190 women every week. Most get what they go for. It costs them about $350 (if they're very lucky), plus plane fare plus hotel plus food. They may wind up with a bellboy posing as a doctor, but that's the chance you take. Poor people do not go to Puerto Rico looking for abortions.

There's no figure on how many women go to Tijuana, Mexico, and the town happens to be a little tight right now, but normally there are about 75 abortionists operating regularly in Tijuana and quite a few fly-by-nighters besides. The cost is about the same. Poor people don't go to Tijuana either.

Sweden is not what it has been rumored to be—it's much more difficult to obtain an abortion there than many people

Illustrations by Milton Glaser

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believe—but Japan is easy, completely legal and inexpensive, and so is Poland. All you have to do is get there. Poor people, in general, cannot even fly now and pay later.

[THE PARENTS' AID SOCIETY,
130 MAIN ST., HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.]

IF YOU GET THERE before he gets busted, Bill Baird will help you get an abortion.

He wanted us to say that, although Art Goldberg and I both said that we would rather report on him in disguise, as it were. "I *want* to get arrested," Baird insisted. "I want to test this silly law in every way I can. I've been trying to get them to arrest me for months."

With the permission of one of his visitors—"clients" would be the wrong word, because Baird will not take money from anyone he helps—we listened as she told her story. A worn, dumpy woman who can't be 40 but who looked 50, she was appealing on behalf of her daughter, who is 16.

She told a sordid and depressing story of an alcoholic husband, only recently off the booze ("If he finds out, I don't know what he'll do—the slightest little thing could set him off again"); of a life of hard work to support her family, with almost no time left to spend with a growing daughter; of a boy with an alcoholic mother and a stern, taciturn father; of two young people badly in need of love, finding it together for an ignorant moment.

The mother had borrowed from friends without explanation, set aside amounts from household funds, somehow amassed $500—the lowest fee for which Baird can get a doctor to perform a safe abortion. He works with about 30 doctors, most but not all in the New York-New Jersey area, and he has satisfied himself that each of them works in sterile and medically complete surroundings. But in this case, a doctor had examined the girl, found a tipped womb, and refused the operation. Time was rushing by; the girl and her mother were growing frantic.

"Don't worry," Baird said. A slight, blond man of 34, he seems in conversation to be a little too intense, a little too filled with the vision of himself as a martyr; but talking to a woman in his tiny overheated office, he is marvelous, somehow through his concern draining the moment of its anguish and restoring to his visitor the dignity which is usually the first casualty in the bizarre world of abortion.

There are two doctors, he assured the woman, who will perform the operation. It's still safe, there's no problem, but there are complications. For one thing, the girl would have to be away for four days or so, in a medical institution to which she'd be admitted on a pretext. The woman said she could come up with a story that would satisfy her husband.

The second complication was that for the more difficult operation it would cost $1500.

If there were no Bill Baird, that 16-year-old girl wouldn't be an abortion statistic either. We watched the woman's face when Baird mentioned the amount, and he might as well have asked for the State of Idaho. Quickly he assured her that he had sent several patients to each of the two doctors, and that he would try to persuade one to perform the operation for $500. If they wouldn't, he'd come up with the difference somehow.

He will, too, although when we asked him later, he said he hadn't the vaguest idea where he'd get it. "But I always do," he said. He gestured toward the waiting room in the front of the small storefront building, where another dozen women and girls were waiting for his help. "I have to," he added.

The Parents' Aid Society, which started out as a birth control clinic, is run on donations from well-wishers, but the rent isn't usually paid and they're about to take out the phone, because Baird keeps giving away the donations.

The abortion reform bill introduced in New York, which had been defeated by the time we visited Bill Baird, had been changed from the ALI model by Assemblyman Blumenthal, in order to increase its chances of passage. It would have allowed abortions for girls under 13, instead of girls under 16.

[MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY]

IN THE CASE OF A WOMAN who comes from a lower socio-economic class," Dr. Richard Hausknecht told a reporter, "where she goes to a clinic and not a private hospital, and cannot afford a private physician, there is little likelihood that she will be apprised of the fact that legal abortions are obtainable under certain circumstances. Out of ignorance, a poor woman often doesn't even make the attempt to obtain a legal abortion. . . . The average patient in a clinic simply doesn't know what her rights are."

Liberalizing the grounds for legal abortions will not change the validity of Dr. Hausknecht's statement in the slightest.

[THE PARENTS' AID SOCIETY]

"PLANNED PARENTHOOD," Bill Baird told us, "is a middle class monopoly."

Baird, who was a financial dropout from medical school and who later became the $20,000-a-year clinical director for Emko, a manufacturer of contraceptive vaginal foam, is bitter about Planned Parenthood. He claims that even before he started giving abortion advice, when he was simply running a birth control clinic, Planned Parenthood tried to undercut his work, by discouraging donations and by telling lies about him.

But above all he is bitter because, he insists, Planned Parenthood doesn't take its birth control information, much less its birth control devices, where they're needed: to poor people. Baird and his wife put all their savings into a van, with which they tour the poor areas of Long Island. Baird knows the areas well, having also, for a time, been coordinator of the poverty program around Great Neck.

The van, which is still in use when Baird has time, is fitted out in living room fashion. "Poor people," Baird says, "are uncomfortable in clinic surroundings. You're separated from them, and they won't talk freely." When he talks about birth control, he won't use diagrams ("Poor people aren't used to thinking that way, they don't understand them"); instead, he uses three-dimensional models and a department store mannequin. He draws with grease pencil on the pelvic area of the mannequin as he talks.

"Sure I want to break down the abortion law," Baird told us, "but the only way to help poor people isn't to pass a law that will make it easier for middle class women to get abortions. The way to help poor people is to give them birth control information and birth control devices, so they don't have to creep around looking for abortions in the first place. If Planned Parenthood wanted to do what they say they want to do, they'd be out in the ghettos and the poor neighborhoods, giving away their pills as fast as they could raise the money to buy them."

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[BALTIMORE, MARYLAND]

TWO OR THREE TIMES A DAY, in Baltimore, an unmarried girl under 16 gives birth to a child she doesn't want. These 1000 girls a year do not appear in any abortion statistics either. There are two or three or five or eight such births every day in every major city in the United States.

In Baltimore, the health department has a counseling program for what they euphemistically call "inner-city teen-agers," by which they mean poor kids, mostly black. But according to Dr. Matthew Tayback, the deputy health commissioner, the social workers and health department types would just about start breaking through to an inner-city teen-ager, and the kid would turn up pregnant.

So they started giving them pills.

A private foundation put up some money, Sinai Hospital joined the health department in the program, and the whole thing is very simple. You come in for your counseling and you get your pills, complete with the requisite medical examination and so on. It costs 40 grand a year. The archbishop probably goes through the roof when somebody mentions it, but there are some kids who aren't making the abortion statistics, not to mention the statistics about kids who bleed to death or die of peritonitis or endotoxic shock.

The consequences of attempted illegal abortions are the largest single cause of maternal death in the United States.

[EPILOGUE]

THE WORLD OF ILLEGAL ABORTION is a dirty, degrading, frightening, unhealthy world. In it, women die from trying to burn themselves out with Lysol, from having their uteri torn up with coat hangers (watching a 29-year-old woman die from a coat hanger attempt is what turned Bill Baird into a crusader), from being turned out of a shaking abortionist's kitchen to bleed to death in the street.

It's a world of leering, indecent proposals, of women raped while under anaesthesia, of women treated like sides of beef in assembly line fashion by operators whose instruments are carried wrapped in rags in their pockets. It's a world in which one woman—in an authenticated case reported by David Lowe in *Abortion and the Law*—found her body used to smuggle heroin from Tijuana to Los Angeles.

It's a world that exists partly because theologians disagree about the moment at which the soul enters the body—a disagreement that brings misery every year to hundreds of thousands of women who may not believe in the existence of a soul at all, or who may believe with Saint Augustine that it enters a foetus late in pregnancy, or who may even believe that God did not take the same biology class as Francis Cardinal Spellman.

But the Roman Catholic Church, if it can, is going to see to it that American women go on dying from being torn apart by coat hangers or knitting needles. In New York, a "pastoral letter" was read from every Catholic pulpit in the state, damning Blumenthal's reform bill and promising both electoral and divine retribution to any legislator who voted for it. The whole thing is made just that much more ridiculous by the fact that a large percentage of the American women who obtain illegal abortions every year are otherwise devout Roman Catholics.

And it's a world where the rich and the middle class women get whatever breaks there are. Yet it is the rich woman, and the middle class woman, for whom the abortion reform laws are intended. They will make it a little easier for a doctor to bend a definition to satisfy a patient; and they will provide genuine help, of course, in those few cases they actually cover —the incest cases, the rape cases, the German measles cases, the 13-year-old girls. But even in those cases, they will help only the women and girls who know their rights under the law and who have the money to pay for the operation.

Deaths from attempted abortion in New York City are much higher, on a percentage of population basis, among non-whites than whites (although the "legal" abortion rate is five times as high among whites). The deaths have different medical causes, but their underlying causes are ignorance or poverty or both. The uneducated woman without money tries turning to drugs—like the ergot derivatives that can cause death from jaundice. Or she tries the "bougie"—the object inserted into the womb to cause infection and consequent miscarriage, which, if it doesn't penetrate the uterine wall and bring on a hemorrhage, will as likely cause an infection that spreads into peritonitis or endotoxic shock, both probably fatal.

And the same conservative Roman Catholic Republicans who weep so sincerely in public about the rights of the unborn foetus will do their damnedest to cut the welfare rolls, to force the unmarried mother into prostitution or crime, to make sure that the unwanted starving children of the poor don't get any help from the state.

It's all so unnecessary—so murderously silly. Of course the doctors who so often make public their anguish over the misery caused by our archaic laws—laws made, incidentally, by men at a time when women were considered little more than chattel—could simply defy the archaic laws and all start performing abortions. They can't all be put in jail. But the doctors won't do that.

It ought to be obvious to any legislator—and it probably is—that a woman has a right to determine the use of her own body, and to decide her own religious convictions, if any, about that use. Enough legislators in every state *do* know that, in fact, so that the abortion laws could be reversed tomorrow, making every abortion legal except when *that* would endanger the life of the mother. But the legislators won't do that either. Legislators are no more famous for their courage than doctors, and they can't even charge a fee for being courageous.

But without any great expenditure of courage or any troublesome battle with principle, a lot of doctors and nurses and medical students and others—even including legislators—*could* go to Harlem and Hunter's Point and all the other "inner cities" and tell people how not to get pregnant. They could also provide pills; if they need it, they can get financial help just as the Baltimore health department did. You don't have to be a city agency; any doctor can prescribe pills.

And they could do it as Baltimore does it, and as Bill Baird does it: without asking girls or women how old they are or whether they're married or whether they're planning to use the pills for immoral purposes or any other stupid questions.

Bill Baird may get arrested, but he's helped hundreds of girls and women to get abortions in the last few months, and before that he helped thousands to learn how not to have to get an abortion in the first place. He did it by not waiting for somebody to pass a law that isn't going to help poor people anyway.

He did it by going and doing it.

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Notes toward a Definition of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, as Particularly Applied to the Person of Captain Howard Levy

"WHY, IT'S ALL SO TERRIBLE. My neighbors have been dropping in every day to commiserate with me about my son being mixed up with that Jew."

The dignified grey-haired lady enunciated "commiserate" as if it were the beginning of the Declaration of Independence of the Confederacy. Her son, a civil liberties lawyer with a mod-Roman haircut, coughed and shifted the silver around his plate. I tried to get the dinner conversation back to the Army, but the family of Laughlin McDonald, Captain Howard Levy's assistant defense counsel, was more interested in Levy's Jewishness than the issues in the celebrated court-martial that her son was helping to defend.

We were dining in a pleasant Southern home some distance from Columbia, South Carolina. Columbia is not a particularly appealing town, and Fort Jackson, where the court-martial was held, was particularly oppressive, so McDonald had asked me to his family's house for dinner to break the monotony of Captain Levy's two-week struggle with military justice. Mr. McDonald was a fundamentalist Southerner, but this was not the only manifestation of anti-Semitism I heard during the Levy court-martial. The Army has a way of accepting anyone who assimilates—Negroes obey orders and so do Jews, and nobody, Jew or Protestant, gets uppity. But if somebody does get out of line, like Captain Levy, then all the incipient racism of the teutonic military comes to the fore.

I heard the opinion all over Fort Jackson, from officers and enlisted men alike, that Levy's "troublemaking" had something to do with his being a Jew. Many of us at the trial were horrified at the incipient racism contained in the Iago-like portrayal of Levy by the Army's trial counsel, Captain Richard Shusterman, who tried to cast the happy-go-lucky doctor as a sinister figure who sulked about preying on the weaknesses of disadvantaged people in order to subvert and disaffect them. "Levy's a nigger lover, a Jew, a traitor and a pinko and that's why they're getting him," a Fort Jackson drill sergeant told me.

As from the mouths of babes, the sergeant's remarks held a germ of truth about the Levy court-martial. The Brooklyn doctor was a troublemaker. He was a nonconformist stationed at a tough basic training post, who had rejected an invitation to join the officer's club and instead spent his time registering Negroes to vote in nearby Newberry. He was sloppy, arrogant and independent—all the qualities the Army cannot abide. In the final analysis, Levy was found guilty of being a civilian in captain's bars.

AS WITH SO MANY EPIC THINGS in military life, the Levy court-martial took place because of a massive screw-up.

The mistake was that of Levy's superior officer and chief accuser, Colonel Henry Fancy, the Fort Jackson hospital commander and post surgeon, who had come to view the maverick dermatologist with the same affection Captain Queeg held for his crew. One can only speculate on the traumas suffered by Colonel Fancy while Levy worked for him, since the only certain thing these two men have in common is their medical degrees. The "lawful order of a superior" that Levy was convicted of disobeying was Fancy's command to teach Special Forces medics the fine art of dermatology. Levy refused, on the grounds that Special Forces medics were combat soldiers who specialized in killing people primarily and curing them only secondarily. Levy considered it a violation of medical ethics to train medics whose use of medicine would be for political and military, not humanitarian, ends.

Colonel Fancy admitted under questioning that he orginally planned to punish Captain Levy under Article 15 (a procedure which would result in a reprimand for an officer) until he was

by Don Duncan with J.A.C. Dunn & sketches by David Stone Martin

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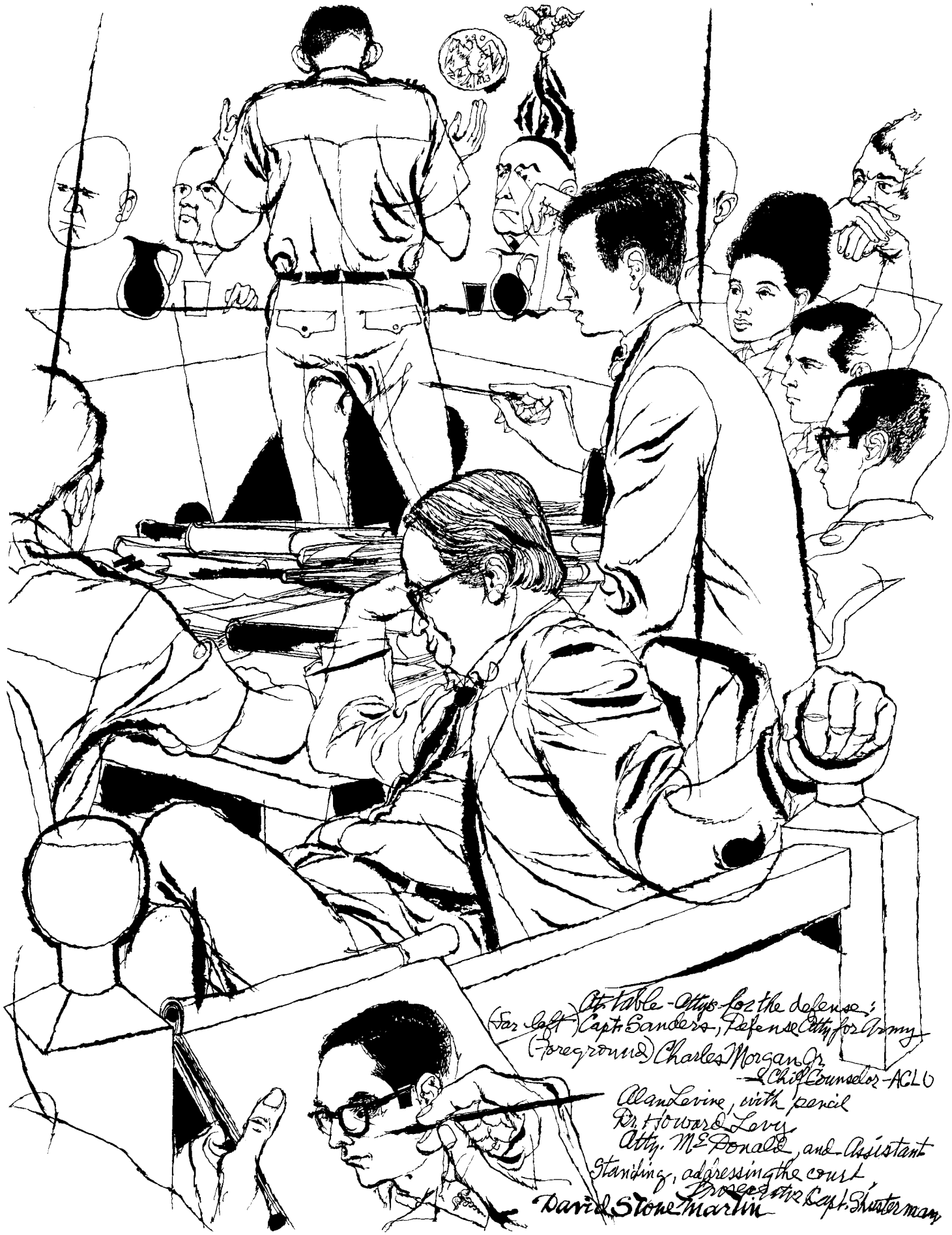
(Far left) At table - Attys for the defense:
Capt Sanders, Defense Atty for Sonny
(Foreground) Charles Morgan Jr.
- Chief Counselor - ACLU
Alan Levine, with pencil
Dr. Howard Levy
Atty. McDonald, and Assistant
Standing, addressing the court
Prosecutor Capt. Shuttleman
David Stone Martin

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shown the G-2 (Intelligence) file on Levy. One reading, and Levy became "pinko"—apparently one of Colonel Fancy's favorite pieces of argot. The intelligence report revealed that Levy had been under investigation as a possible security risk ever since he entered the Army, primarily because he attended some suspect political meetings in New York. At one such meeting he had heard Malcolm X speak, the Army report said.

After reading that, Colonel Fancy decided to court-martial Levy and throw in a few charges about undermining discipline and morale, since the captain was well known around the camp as an opponent of the war in Vietnam. Fancy could have granted Levy status as a conscientious objector, but he rejected the doctor's application even though it had been approved by a psychiatrist and a chaplain. So the Army got the court-martial it never really wanted. Lt. Colonel Roy Harms, the Fort Jackson public information officer, was clearly depressed about so many reporters streaming to Fort Jackson to observe so closely such a crucial military event as a general court-martial generated by such un-Army-like issues as medical ethics and free speech. "There is no way we can make the Army look good," Harms said with gloomy objectivity, and contented himself with making sure there was plenty of soap available in the latrine of the small yellow building at Fort Jackson which became working headquarters for the press.

Colonel Coppedge, who instituted the original Special Forces medic training program, testified that if he had been in command at Fort Jackson, Levy would never have come to trial. That was the private consensus among other officers, who said that such a freak court-martial could have never occurred at a regular Army post—only at such an authoritarian basic training camp as Fort Jackson.

Colonel Fancy is no Captain Queeg, but he is an extraordinarily simple-minded man whose apparent provincialism is due to an absorbing preoccupation with medicine and the Army. The son of a New Hampshire nurse and a New Hampshire lumberman, Henry Franklin Fancy went to medical school in Montreal, and, despite service in France, Japan and all over the United States, seems to have maintained a narrow mind. His reaction, once, to a conversational mention of Vietnam was to ask how it smelled.

Tall, gray-headed, gaunt, crisply uniformed, a distant look in his eyes, the mild-mannered colonel is apparently capable of vindictiveness towards those he dislikes. He admitted at the trial, for instance, that a patient's letter thanking Dr. Levy for successful treatment had not been included in Levy's military record. Henry Fancy conceded that such an exclusion was rare.

The colonel's testimony provided many insights into the reasoning behind the court-martial of Dr. Levy:

Q. What do you mean by the word "pinko"?

A. This is a slang term that refers to someone who tends to follow communist beliefs . . . .

Q. What have you read about communism?

A. I have read the usual things and the various news media and magazines and have read about communism in various military courses that I have taken and lectures that have been delivered to me on that subject. So, I have a general impression of communism without any detailed knowledge of it at this time.

Q. Have you read any books on Vietnam?

A. Certainly.

Q. Name one.

A. I will retract the statement. I have not read any books on Vietnam, but I have read the news media and articles in magazines and in many of the courses that I have taken in the Army.

IF THE PERFECT POLAR OPPOSITE of Colonel Fancy exists, it is Howard Brett Levy. Intelligent, talkative, sensitive, bespectacled, Levy—despite Colonel Fancy's impression of "pinko"—is more flower child than revolutionary. Levy once cried when the petals fell off a rose, and he became a dermatologist because "skin patients don't die." "I've never been to Russia," said Levy, "but if I went I'd be in jail there, too."

Some people at Fort Jackson say that Levy is hard to like because he is loud, abrupt and abrasive, but Captain Dreyfus' fellow officers said that about him, too. Levy appears to have a definite propensity to be disliked by his "equals," like the officers whose club he wouldn't join, but loved by those for whom he feels a humanitarian kinship or a doctor's concern. After a day in court Levy drove me back to town and stopped at his "pad" to pick up mail. Negro matrons along the street recognized his car, waved as we passed and shouted, "Hi!, Dr. Levy!" An orthodox rabbi (a captain) testified to his character and loyalty, as did fellow physicians. A much decorated infantry captain returned from Vietnam to testify for him. They disagreed on Vietnam and many other things, but they were friends. "If Howard goes to jail for what he has done and said, then I'm wasting my time in Vietnam. It's his right to say those things that I'm fighting for." A private stopped him outside the cafeteria to shake his hand and say, "Good luck, Captain—I hope everything works out for you." Negroes stepped forward and asked to testify on his behalf.

Faced with the alternative of being drafted as a private, Howard Levy, M.D. decided to accept his call-up as an officer-doctor. The doctor whom he replaced at Fort Jackson sent him a letter extolling the camp and its working conditions. This dispelled Levy's reservations. However, the doctor later called on him to explain he had been ordered to write the letter and that it had been censored by the camp command.

One day he was a practicing physician in New York, the next Dr. Levy was working in the Fort Jackson hospital in a captain's uniform. Unlike most doctor-draftees, he was never sent to Fort Sam Houston for military indoctrination. Besides teaching the doctors how to wear a uniform and salute, the course is primarily designed to teach a physician how to compromise his medical ethics and beliefs and still live with himself. Not being so easily indoctrinated, Howard Levy remained a doctor with a civilian conscience.

At Fort Jackson Dr. Levy tried saluting a few times, but felt foolish. He substituted a hand wave and words of greeting. To the consternation of his superiors, and probably of the enlisted men as well, he addressed all his patients—privates or officers—as "Sir."

Howard Levy gives the impression of a person who witnessed militarism close up, became horrified and consciously did everything possible to remain a civilian. His shoes appear never to have been contaminated by polish. His belt buckle seems in an advanced stage of gangrene. He invariably forgets to button at least one pocket. The day he had to stand before the ten field grade line of officers of his court-martial and hear himself pronounced guilty, he strolled forward with his right hand in his pocket.

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Captain Howard Levy being taken to the stockade by an MP and Cpl. Fancy's Handy man
Fort Jackson, S. C. June 3, 1967

David Stone Martin

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AT PRECISELY 0900 HOURS, on a bright Wednesday (the Army called it 10 May 67), in T-9536, a small frame building painted military yellow propped atop one of Fort Jackson's slight knolls, the United States Army took Dr. Howard Levy to task for being a flower child.

The court-martial began on the anniversary of the birth of the Confederacy and ground on through Armed Forces week. With the sounds of bayonet and combat courses—new "pacification teams" readying themselves for Vietnam—drifting into the crowded 82-seat courtroom, Levy's defense rested its case on Memorial Day. On 3 June 67, Dr. Levy was sentenced to three years at hard labor.

The Army hauled down from Washington its top law officer, Colonel Earl V. Brown, who ran the trial from a little raised box overlooking the court's maroon carpet which didn't go at all well with the building's eleemosynary green interior walls. Brown, a likable enough man in a distant-uncle sort of way, slurred "Parties-ready-to-proceed?" like a drill sergeant's order, a phrase he has probably mouthed more times than he would care to remember in his 17 years as an Army lawyer.

"The government is ready, sir." It was Captain Richard Shusterman, the Army's prosecutor. Shusterman and his assistant, Captain Blair Shick, wore identical summer gabardine uniforms, neatly pressed. Their eyeglasses both had gray plastic government-issue frames. Both men are 28, both Philadelphia lawyers who actually come from Philadelphia.

Hedge-hog mounds of books and papers crowded the two tables occupied by Levy's defense. Even though everyone knew Levy would be found guilty, he had two Army defense lawyers and two civilian lawyers. The Army defended him because that is part of the procedure of military justice, even though the accused should be found guilty. Captain Charles Sanders, a young, shiny-toothed Southerner, headed Levy's Army defense corps, assisted by Captain Walter Jones, a tall, silent young man with black-rimmed spectacles who seemed to do little during the trial but run Levy's tape recorder and occasionally paw through a huge brown suitcase crammed with defense documents.

Charles Morgan Jr., the American Civil Liberties Union southern regional director from Atlanta, headed Levy's civilian defense, which took as its prime goal getting enough material on the record for appeal to a civilian court. A fat man with a pink, morning-scrubbed look on his face, Morgan by midday was beginning to show broad patches of sweat forming under the arms of his olive drab suit. Captain Levy sat next to Morgan, looking as uncomfortable in uniform as a man can look, and next to him was his other lawyer, Laughlin McDonald, who, it turned out during the course of evening sessions after the trial, is an accomplished folksinger.

In a Camelot gesture, Colonel Brown pressed a button which sounded a buzzer in a back room. Everyone in the building rose, as if at a Catholic mass, and waited for the court-martial board—ten field grade officers whom the New York Times' Homer Bigart branded "ten Toby Mugs"—to enter through a heavy maroon curtain, hung ceremoniously with a tieback, simulating a stage.

The court filed in, slowly: Colonel John S. Baskin, president of the court, a South Carolinian with a lost-soul expression suggesting some secret, long-borne sorrow; Colonel Thomas M. Ariail, plump and pink-faced, with sealed-beam spectacles and the effusively optimistic look of a successful civic club president; Lt. Colonel Charles W. Hanlon, balding, badged, be-ribboned, with an unchanging expression of imminent rage; Lt. Colonel James N. Hanson, whose suntanned, vertically seamed face reminds one of actor Bert Lahr; Lt. Colonel Edward H. Bertram, apparently the most relaxed and readiest to smile of any of the court officers; Lt. Colonel Henry H. Mixon, whose impressive command presence was embellished by tight lips and narrow eyes; Major Boyd D. Parsons, bald and bulky, who began as an enlisted man, rose to warrant officer, got a commission, and lost an eye in Vietnam while helping some GI's get out of a "friendly" minefield; Major James E. Davis, a long-faced Negro with a stately air of unrufflable dignity; Major Masami Nishimoto, a Japanese-American, the training director of the Fort Jackson drill sergeant school, where his cold, reptilic eyes doubtless sent icy tremors along the nerves of young NCO's; and Major Strube J. Jackson, a lineless, unmemorable face at the far right whose chief dis-

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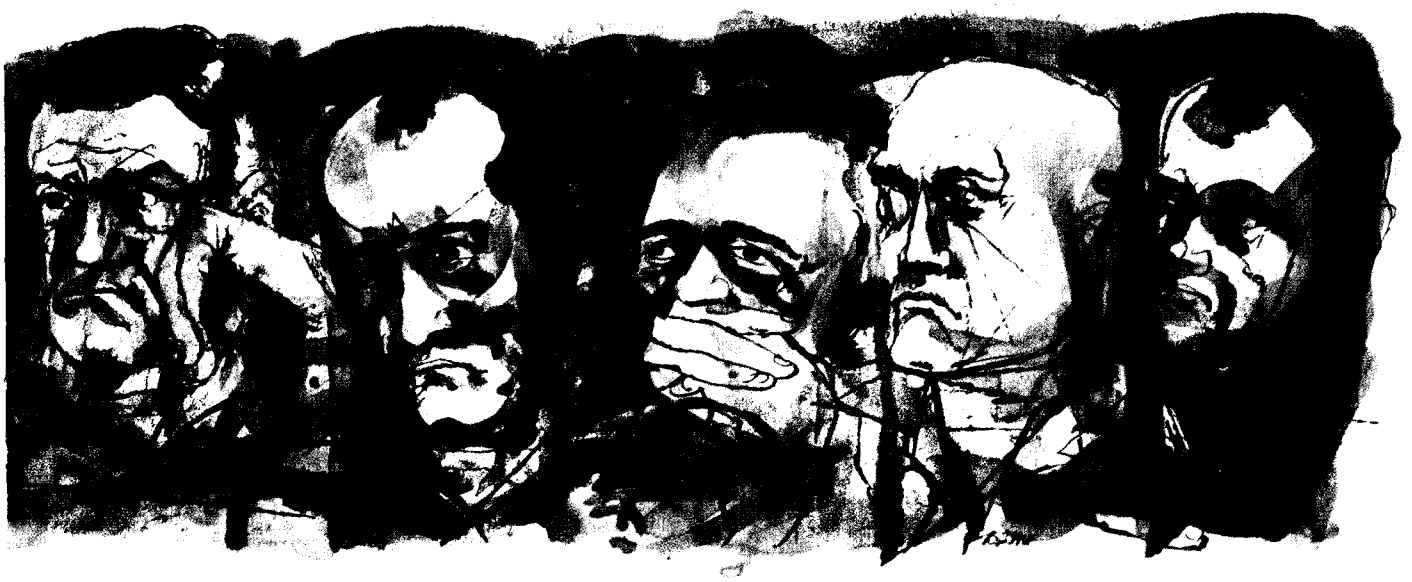

tinction, as far as the audience was concerned, was to be pointed out as a target whenever Colonel Brown had to tell a murmuring witness, "Talk to the major on the end there."

In the front row of spectator seats behind Howard Levy were his parents, Seymour and Sadie—small, middle-aged, unobtrusive, friendly and worried. Mrs. Levy has large, desolate green eyes, a low, confidential note in her voice, and a voracious appetite for crossword puzzles. Mr. Levy was suntanned, with a thin, sandy little moustache and a large lump on his left forehead, the result of having once been hit by a baseball bat, which gave his face an off-balance look. His voice is deep and hoarse; he used words like "animus," "obdurate" and "adduce," and invited you to call him Sy. He and his wife lavish affection on anybody they like, but for some reason the gods have not smiled much on the Levys lately: they had an automobile accident the first day of their son's trial, and $439 worth of damage was done to their car (they were driving out to Fort Jackson from downtown Columbia, and Seymour Levy missed a stop sign because he was looking for direction signs). Their New York apartment was burgled shortly after they arrived in Columbia, and Mrs. Levy explained several times that she had specifically asked "that newspaper" not to publish their address for just that reason. "Well, into every life a little rain must fall," Seymour Levy said. For his sake you wish them a little sunshine. They are gentle people.

AS THE CHROME HANDCUFF snapped around the physician's wrist, a wail went up from spectators in the courtroom. Unable to direct the hands of the healer for its own ends, the military had shackled them.

That histrionic scene was the finale in the theatrical court-martial, but it wasn't the way the Army had meant to stage it. Colonel Brown, who had tried to make the Army out as the paragon of reason during the trial, looked duly amazed as a burly lieutenant colonel crashed through the swinging gate of the spectator's section seconds after the verdict had been announced and grabbed the doctor by the arm. Lt. Colonel Chester Davis, the hospital administrator, and a former patient of Dr. Levy's, his pink face turned deep red, the paunch over his belt buckle quivering, said that the doctor was under arrest. Levy looked distastefully at Davis' hand. "You don't have to hold my arm," he said.

"Where are you taking him?" Morgan demanded. Davis didn't answer; he was trembling. "May he be accompanied by counsel?" His voice choked, Davis said, "He will not be accompanied by counsel." "May he be accompanied by military counsel, then?" Davis said no, then reached for the handcuffs. Captain Shusterman, the prosecutor, blinked. "Sir, that's not necessary," protested Captain Sanders, Levy's military attorney. "But he's a doctor!" shouted a spectator in the courtroom, and Davis rushed the manacled Levy out the door and into a waiting military police car.

At that moment, the code of Uniform Military Justice showed its true colors. All the easy dignity and military propriety with which Brown and Shusterman had tried to imbue the court-martial's proceedings were shattered. The arbitrary manacling of Dr. Levy was an act of raw power, showing the hard layer of what seemed to be pure hatred for the troublesome doctor beneath the Army's hitherto gentlemanly facade.

It is ironic, reflecting on this scene, that Howard Levy was the one convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

TO UNDERSTAND THE ARREST and trial of Howard Levy you have to understand something about military justice, and that is a difficult understanding to reach, indeed. The military not only plays with a stacked deck, but it makes all the rules of the game as well. The unusual nature of military justice is clearest when related to an analogous civilian situation.

Say a doctor works for a large corporation in the company hospital. Because he is a doctor he is given executive rank in the corporation, but incurs the dislike of the company managers when he refuses to join the executives' exclusive lunch club.

One day the doctor is told to train some non-medical employees in certain medical specialties. He refuses on ethical grounds. It is his belief that these part-time medics will be sent out into the community, not for humanitarian reasons, but as

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a gimmick to prod the populace into buying the company's products. The doctor finds this policy reprehensible and says so, loud and clear, to executives and workers alike.

Instead of firing the doctor, or allowing him to quit, the company management accuses him of disobeying an executive order, disloyalty to the corporation, and—because he told the workers about his critical views—of conduct unbecoming a corporate executive. The corporation then sets up a panel of ten judges to hear these charges. The judges are picked from the senior executives of the sales department whose company loyalty is beyond doubt. Then the management appoints a top lawyer in the pay of the corporation to explain company rules to the judges. That company lawyer, alone, has the authority to determine what is admissible as a defense. All this doesn't happen in corporations, of course, but it does in the Army.

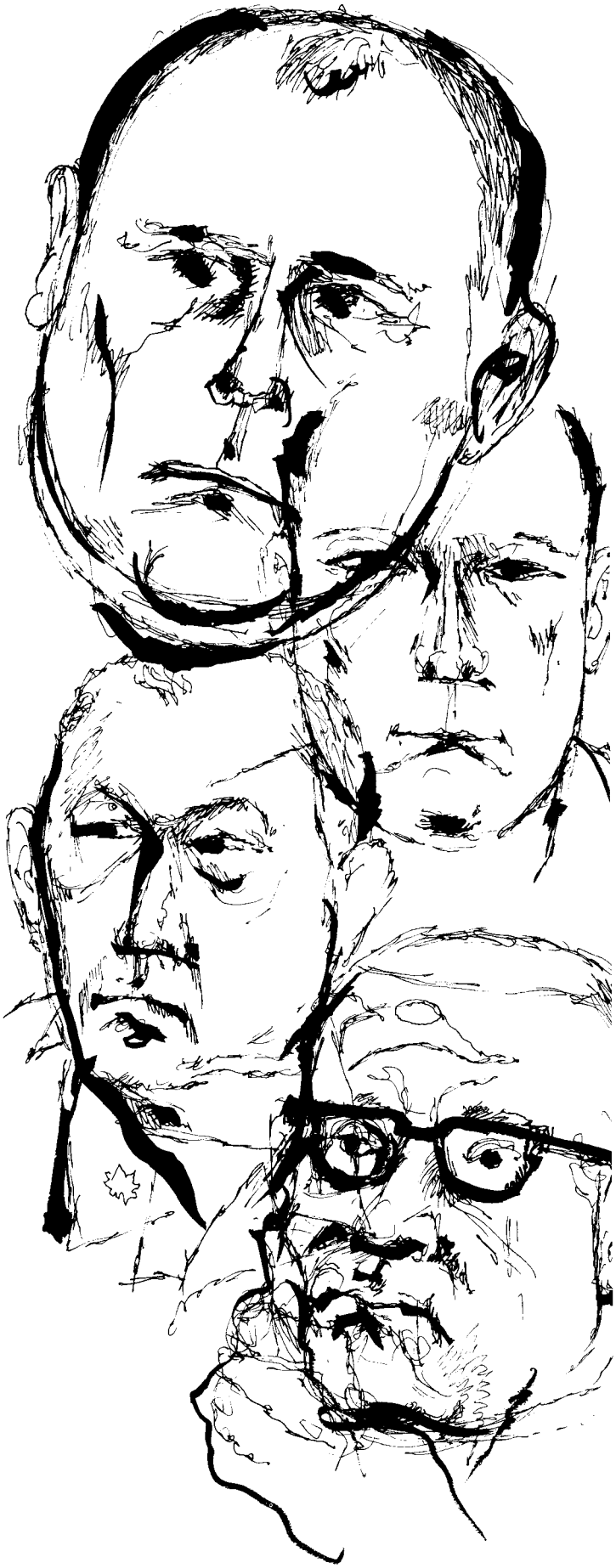
IF LEVY WAS NO DREYFUS, Morgan proved no Darrow. By the time I testified for Dr. Levy, along with Special Forces Dr. Peter G. Bourne (whose comments on the medical issues involved in the trial begin on page 57), Colonel Brown had already ruled that truth was no defense in his case. Before the trial ended, morality and medical ethics would also be ruled out as an admissible defense under Army justice. That left very little, really, to talk about in the trial, and it was in such a frustrating atmosphere that the issue of Nuremberg entered the Levy court-martial. Colonel Brown's ruling on the admissibility of Nuremberg proof would have given Levy's attorney an opportunity to stage one of the great legal extravaganzas of all time—if he had chosen to attempt to present proof of the Nuremberg-like effects of the American use of saturation bombing and napalm in South Vietnam and anti-civilian "scatter-bombs" in North Vietnam. But, partially because of arguments within the national ACLU staff over the best posture to take, and partially, I believe, because he didn't think any broader defense would help his client, Morgan chose to limit his presentation to the actions of the Special Forces in Vietnam. Since the only documentary evidence to prove such crimes was locked in the Army's own files, the "Nuremberg" episode of the Levy trial was doomed from the start.

Morgan spent a good part of the next five days on the telephone—stretched out on his bed, like a fallen redwood, discussing war crimes with long distance voices. He found many people anxious to charge war crimes in Vietnam, but, understandably, he wasn't swamped by people willing to come to Fort Jackson and confess committing them.

In the end, the Army acquitted itself of war crimes and convicted Captain Levy of disobeying orders and promoting disloyalty.

The real loser was the Army: this became clear the day Colonel Davis arbitrarily hauled off his staff doctor in manacles. This deliberate attempt to debase and humilate Dr. Levy was characteristic of the military's seeming incapacity to understand, at Fort Jackson or in Vietnam, that the torturer inevitably loses more than the tortured.

Ramparts' Military Editor, former Special Forces M/Sgt Donald Duncan, testified for the defense at the Levy trial. He collaborated in this article with J.A.C. Dunn, a reporter for the Charlotte Observer who covered the trial.



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The Hippocratic Revolt
The Army Physician and Vietnam

by Peter G. Bourne, M.D.

The role of the physician, with his dedication to the service of humanity, is totally antithetical to that of a military officer. The physician's primary commitment is the saving of lives, whereas the military officer is inevitably involved in the destruction of his fellow men. Perhaps most sacred to those who practice the art of medicine is the physician-patient relationship, in which one individual places himself in the hands of another whose ethical and scientific judgment he trusts. The autonomy of the physician and his ability to make personal judgment is an integral part of this relationship.

An historical accommodation has allowed the armies of the world to enjoy the physician's services without the latter feeling that their professional ethics were being compromised. As spelled out in the Geneva Convention, doctors and others performing medical functions were regarded as non-combatants who were expected to care for the sick and wounded in their own army as well as to meet the medical needs of any enemy who might fall into their hands. In this capacity they were accorded special privileges and were considered immune from attack by the enemy. However, at the same time they could not themselves engage in or be a party to acts of war.

This was an arrangement which most physicians found themselves able to accept and work comfortably with during World War II and the Korean War. They did not engage in combat; they carried no arms except to defend themselves or their patients, and their job in caring for the sick and wounded was carefully spelled out. At the same time, they were happy to train enlisted men who would both assist them in the care of patients and who would be qualified in first aid, able to go out into combat areas to retrieve casualties under fire.

Unfortunately, the Vietnam war does not fit the old pattern, and it has presented the physician with a completely new set of circumstances with which his old view of the ethics of military medicine do not equip him to deal. Due to a sudden awareness by our military leaders that medicine can be used for politico-military ends, the physician in Vietnam has suddenly found himself an integral part of the offensive war effort.

The military-medical ethics of World War II and Korea have not yet caught up with this new type of warfare, leaving the military physician uncertain as to where his allegiances and ethical responsibilities lie. This confusion is further aggravated for some Army physicians because of their fearful suspicions that our presence in Vietnam is immoral.

There can be little doubt that our desire to provide medical care for Vietnamese civilians is basically generated by humanitarian concern. It was primarily with this in mind that the Army conceived the idea of the Special Forces (Green Beret) medic as a means to provide medical care for an indigenous population. Army physicians were asked to train these men to function in place of doctors in areas of Vietnam where no other care was available. This concept, however, met with considerable opposition from the civilian medical community in this country. This opposition was based on two factors: not only does the Special Forces medic practice as a physician with only one year of training, but he is also primarily a combat soldier.

The overwhelming majority of doctors in the Army are civilians who are drafted into the service for two years. These are the doctors who provide the bulk of patient care, and they are the ones most acutely aware of the conflict existing between doctors and the demands of the military. For this group the political ambiguities of the Vietnam war have added considerable strain to what was already a barely acceptable relationship and, at best, an uneasy compromise between their roles as physicians and Army officers.

The doctor-draftee enters the service feeling that he has been discriminated against, a feeling which is not without some justification. Physicians are still drafted up to age 35, although few other Americans are drafted after age 26. Doctors are the only group drafted even if they have children. They are drafted with physical handicaps which would make anyone else 4F. At the present time, the "Selective Service" is selecting virtually 100 per cent of the country's eligible physicians. This was not the case until the recent military buildup, with its resulting increased demands for physicians. It has meant that many 33- and 34-year-old physicians, who had established practices, are suddenly being drafted into the service.

The doctor-draftee sees many of the regular Army physicians desperately trying to resign from the service, in some instances specifically to avoid being sent to Vietnam. Although the Army has made every attempt to discourage this mass exodus of doctors, they have not been entirely successful, and the loss is only increasing the need to draft more civilians to take their places.

In Vietnam the positions of highest risk—taking care of combat casualties at the battalion level—are almost always assigned to draftees. Career military physicians, who presumably chose this type of life, tend to be given jobs in highly secure areas in the larger hospital installations, or purely administrative duties. Although it is certainly true that the morale of U.S. troops is generally high in Vietnam, it is considerably below average among physicians. This is not only due to the factors already mentioned, but also because physicians as a group tend to be far more alert to the political ambiguities of our presence in Vietnam.

This sort of smoldering dissatisfaction has come to an inevitable crisis with the court-martial of Captain Howard B. Levy. The conflict for Dr. Levy arose

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from the fact that, unlike the medics of previous wars, whose jobs were merely to provide emergency aid to their fellow soldiers, the Special Forces medics use their medical knowledge to treat civilians.

In utilizing the medical skills with which Dr. Levy was supposed to provide him, the Special Forces medic is as much concerned with his military-political impact on his patients as he is with purely humanitarian considerations. In my own experience in Vietnam I recall one particular incident where Special Forces medics deliberately used their skills on the wives of known Viet Cong in the hopes that these women could then be persuaded to provide intelligence information which in turn would probably lead to the deaths of their husbands.

Not only was Dr. Levy asked to share his medical expertise with non-medical personnel—a direct violation of his Hippocratic oath—but he was also expected to condone the use of dangerous drugs, including narcotics, by non-professionals in a manner which no physician would allow in a civilian setting.

There are instances where such practices risk considerable harm—for instance the promiscuous distribution of anti-malarial drugs to anyone with fever. Such a practice can rapidly lead to the development of drug-resistant strains of malaria, which in turn provide a direct threat to our troops in the field.

Aside from the role of the Special Forces medic, which has been the issue in the case of Dr. Levy, other para-medical personnel in Vietnam have been called on to perform in a way which is different from that of previous wars. For instance, helicopter ambulance medics are expected to be able to operate .30-caliber machine guns while on evacuation flights. The fact that in this war it is necessary for medical personnel to be so involved in dual capacities tends to further blur the separation which medicine has in the past enjoyed in the military.

As for Special Forces medics, there is little question that their primary role is that of a combat soldier. Operating as two members of a 12-man "A" team from camps in isolated parts of Vietnam, these men take their turn with the others on combat patrols. On these patrols their job is to seek and destroy the enemy and only incidentally to take care of the medical needs of others on the patrol. In the event the camp itself comes under attack, their initial assignment is to man the mortars rather than to be prepared to care for casualties. At all times they remain under the command of non-medical personnel whose judgment always overrides decisions which might be in the best interest of the patients. This means that in certain circumstances they must abandon patients to fulfill their primary obligation as fighting men.

The Army has made an enormous miscalculation in assuming that Dr.Levy is an eccentric whose views are not shared by other physicians. In fact Dr. Levy's court-martial represents only the top of an iceberg of dissent which runs through the Medical Corps. It is my impression that the majority of draftee-physicians share his views to a greater or lesser extent and have either felt too intimidated to express them or have never been put in a position of having to make the type of ethical decision which faced Dr. Levy—only a very small percentage of physicians in the Army are ever asked to train Special Forces medics.

The Army is obviously not entirely unaware of the increasing alienation between young physicians and the military. It has also probably not escaped our military leaders that generally physicians constitute the largest group of Vietnam dissidents within the military's own ranks. However, the Army cannot do without the services of physicians, particularly in wartime. Perhaps the biggest mistake the generals have made is to assume that because they can obtain this large group of highly trained professionals in a state of involuntary servitude, they can mold them into a pattern of military conformity in the same way that they do an 18-year-old high school graduate.

All segments of the Army, except the Medical Corps, are to a greater or lesser extent committed to the primary mission —the use of force to achieve certain objectives. By mutual consent, the Medical Corps has had an implied contract allowing it to function, in many respects, outside the normal military structure. As a result physicians have been allowed a great deal of latitude, and generally a freedom of behavior and expression which would not be tolerated in other officers.

For instance, one draftee-physician I knew decided while on duty that he wanted to go to Chicago for a few days. When he returned to his post in Washington, he was informed that he had been A.W.O.L. However, he was also told that because he was a physician, no action would be taken against him.

The indictment of Dr. Levy represents a shift from this previous position and undoubtedly reflects the Army's concern about its increasing lack of control over physicians. It would have been very easy for the Army to handle Dr. Levy's case quietly and without publicity. He was due to be discharged this month anyway, and it seemed that for both sides the most desirable course of action would have been to drop the charges and forget the incident. However, it appears that the Army felt that by making the trial an issue of national or even of international importance, Dr. Levy can be used as an example to other physicians who share his views. But it now appears that the trial and its attendant publicity, rather than stifling further criticism of the Army by physicians, has actually stimulated it.

The Army is feeling the effects of a strong undercurrent of dissent against the Vietnam war that exists among many American medical students and young physicians today. In May, for example, more than 250 American medical students at medical schools across the country signed a statement saying that they "refuse to serve in the Armed Forces in Vietnam." More have signed the statement since then, and of course many of the signers will be subject to jail for affirming this stand. It is surprising that this statement of protest, coming from what is normally a rather conservative sector of the American populace—medical students—has not received more attention in the nation's press. Physicians are now uncomfortably aware of just how far the military is willing to go in telling a doctor how he can practice his profession.

Dr. Bourne, a psychiatrist, was recently discharged from the U.S. Army after three years of active duty. He spent one year in Vietnam studying the effects of stress on combat troops, working directly with Special Forces, and he spent a period of three months in a Special Forces "A" camp on the Cambodian border. In connection with his service in Vietnam, Dr. Bourne was awarded the Bronze Star, the Air Medal, and the Combat Medics Badge. He recently testified in the defense of Dr. Howard Levy.

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Literature

Belles Lettres:

THE WINTER OF JOHN STEINBECK

by Peter Collier

NO LESS THAN that *eminence noire*, Cardinal Spellman, and other registered war lobbyists, John Steinbeck has been a fervent prophet for the U.S. apocalypse in Vietnam. His syndicated gospel is probably the more dangerous for having the ghost of his gaunt strength behind it. Certainly it is the more disheartening, because Steinbeck, unlike others, can have no vested interest in the death of Asian peasants.

Steinbeck's columns from Vietnam have all of the literary camouflage that might be expected from a good writer. But it is deceptive camouflage. Beneath it, beneath the manly battle ethic and the stultifying rhetoric about *dulce et decorum est*, there is little more than an admission of personal defeat. The vision that once sustained him as an artist is gone. Retrenched and isolated, Steinbeck finds himself now actively proselytizing for a system that is hostile to everything in his best writing, which, at his peak, was great primarily for its intransigence.

With every new dispatch; Steinbeck seems more shrunken and old, totally changed from the writer who once took as his theme the credo of Milton's rebelling angel: ". . . the unconquerable will . . . and courage never to submit or yield."

The unexpected is always horrifying. So it would be easier for those who are bewildered by Steinbeck's emergence as poet laureate of this war if he, like John Dos Passos, had shifted dramatically over the past years to a doctrinaire right-wing, National Review position. Then his war-drumming could be understood simply as part and parcel of an ideology. But he hasn't. Nor has he written anything that could be called a manifesto of his own political beliefs. He has made only sporadic, neutral comments indicating that he is against racism in the South, opposes any rupture in our moral fibre, and admires Adlai Stevenson.

If one is to make sense of Steinbeck's present actions, then he must do so from two scant facts: Steinbeck is presently sending home "letters" from Vietnam which refer with unaccountable naivete to a "Chinese-inspired war," implying that the United States should use its prowess to exorcise once and for all Maoist devilry; and for the past several years, his own writing—his non-propagandistic prose—has degenerated progressively and severely. One is forced to make the connection.

With each new book, Steinbeck seems to wander farther from the powerful sympathy for the disfranchised struggle for land and human dignity, and from the visions of ideal commonwealths that characterize his best works—*Of Mice and Men*, *In Dubious Battle*, and especially *The Grapes of Wrath*. In recent time, he has become a creator of ephemera which avoids, almost self-consciously, the real crises in the American landscape. There is *Sweet Thursday*, for instance, a book whose major claim to importance is that it was destined for adaptation as a Broadway musical by Rogers and Hammerstein; there is also *The Short Reign of Pippin IV*, which his publishers called "a frothy extravaganza," but which proved to be a sorry loser even in its admittedly lightweight class.

An important question about Steinbeck, then, is why he stopped writing serious fiction, or at least why he writes it so seldom anymore. Whatever the precise reason, his artistic falling-off began sometime during World War II. Like Hemingway and many other American writers, Steinbeck did war reportage. It seems to have scarred him permanently, for he stopped writing novels about people caught in creative social conflict once the war was over. His books became suffused with propaganda and moralizing, a tendency which has reached its climax in his present activities.

There is, for instance, *The Moon is Down* (1943), a study of the effects of Nazi occupation of a small Norwegian village. It was to be, Steinbeck later said, "a celebration of the durability of a democracy." But the thesis is not implemented. It is a limp performance, a very slight novel, important only because it marks the first time that Steinbeck made his craft a functionary to propaganda.

And to anyone who thinks that the greatness of *The Grapes of Wrath* or any of its companion books lies simply in the fact that they were propagandistic on the "right side," a comparison with *The Moon is Down* would be enlightening. The politics present in Steinbeck's novels of the '30s are there because the characters bring them. If Steinbeck was selling anything in these books, it was not a particular political point of view, but human beings and the way that they work their way through social upheaval.

When Steinbeck did return to serious fiction in 1961 with *The Winter of Our Discontent*, many thought his efforts would be a provocative statement about the texture of American life at mid-century. But the novel did little more than raise all of the secondary, derivative questions about "moral decay"—the fixed TV quiz shows, the frantic scramble for wealth and status. It never dealt with the real forces in the background. It bore little resemblance to the earlier books in which Steinbeck had placed his characters in social ferment in order to make some statement about the quality of their inner lives. In *The Grapes of Wrath*, for instance, the Joads and other migrants *live out* social problems, and their unwillingness to submit to oppression becomes a metaphor for something much larger. In this most recent novel, though, the "problem" is superimposed from above by the author; the characters seem to resent it, and refuse to come alive.

A concurrent, nonfiction best seller, *Travels with Charley in Search of America*, is a more poignant indication of Steinbeck's inability to come to terms with modern American life. It is an account of his trip around the country in a

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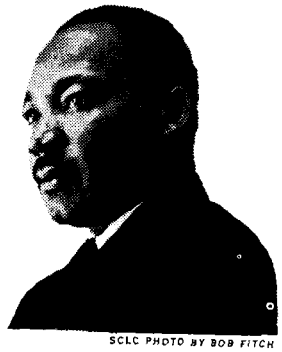

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camper-truck, a journey he undertook because he feared he was "losing touch." The keynote was to be seeing and feeling the land and the people in a fresh, new way. But almost from the beginning, the trip was disappointing. It is one of those accidental ironies that Steinbeck named his truck Rocinante, after Don Quixote's horse, and thought of himself fleetingly as the sad knight. For America turned out to be, after all those years, nothing more than an amorphous puzzle, a crazy-quilt, undergoing random and violent change that was threatening primarily because it was incomprehensible. Instead of encompassing the United States as he used to do, Steinbeck found himself tilting with it, using all of his old, broken intellectual lances.

He looked for an answer in the conversation of Midwestern motel operators and sheep ranchers of the Rocky Mountains, and didn't find it. But one of the most interesting things in his narrative is the way in which he skirted the centers of rebellion, places which had once before made him move instinctively with the mood of the country, and which perhaps still hold a key for those who are willing to seek it—the lunch counters and sharecroppers' farms in the South, the campuses and ghettos of the North.

Unlike those novelists of our time who have accepted the idiom of dissidence, Steinbeck has simply stopped going into the eye of the hurricane for his characters and action. And one senses that what he would substitute—diatribes about moral laxity and complacency—are the bewildered, petulant responses of a man who suddenly finds himself a stranger in a strange land.

The fact that contemporary America is yielding nothing positive for Steinbeck, that his present disposition isolates him from its important action, makes one wish that he would lapse into a dignified silence befitting a man who has had his say, a damned good one when it counted. It certainly justified his selection for the Nobel Prize: a deserved tribute to a writer whose work, in its totality, is not great, but who once captured the spiritual resilience of a common people trapped, but not quiescent, under the thumb of oppression. This alone was enough to counter those who whispered at the time that the award was made to replenish America's failing supply of literary laureates.

But even if there were no political overtones in the Prize, Steinbeck's recent actions have made it seem that there were. It has certified his tendencies to posture as an elder literary statesman and issue statements about "culture" from on high. It is a role which this shy, intense man, who avoids publicity and interviews, has often protested he is neither fit for nor accustomed to.

What Steinbeck always reverts to in the modern American panorama is our potential decay (the tired, schoolboy's analogy with the Roman Empire lurking ominously in the background). He is concerned with the creeping malaise which has no real identity other than being antagonistic to the "pioneer spirit" which made us "great."

Steinbeck's comments on our "rigged morality" have initiated scholarly symposia. He has even written phillipics on American manners for the Saturday Evening Post which are, one is sad to say, as oblique to what's really happening as Norman Rockwell's pre-camp covers, and much less entertaining.

But his statesmanship has taken him beyond sententious essays. He ventured into Russia a few years ago as an ambassador at large for the cultural exchange program. He was unhappy with what he found there, particularly the lack of intellectual freedom. He grandly encouraged young Russian writers to become "wolves" unafraid to show their fangs to their government. Even in its cold war context, this was good advice; but for all the troubles America has faced over the past years, troubles for which even established liberalism has been forced on occasion to blame the government, Steinbeck himself has managed not even a growl.

Last summer, in fact, the Russian poet Yevtushenko wrote him a moving public poem which asked him to become an "old wolf" and howl about Vietnam. Steinbeck's response did him no justice; it was testy, mean-minded, and syndicated: "I am against this Chinese-inspired war," he wrote, "I don't know a single American who is for it. But . . . you ask me to denounce half a war, our half. . . . If you could persuade North Vietnam to agree in good faith to negotiate, the bombing would stop instantly. The guns would fall silent and our dear sons could come home. It is as simple as that, my dear friend, as simple as that, I promise you."

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Normally, one would excuse such a statement because of the writer's special prerogative to hold fuzzy-minded or inconsequential political positions, or even to be apolitical. But Steinbeck is demanding here to be judged as a political man. He not only made the statement, ridiculous on its face, but then went ahead into Vietnam to pursue it further. It is ultimately the banality of the party-line which is bothersome; it is, one is forced to admit, not inconsistent with a man who has decided that Johnson is a "great" President.

And it is doubtful that Yevtushenko would accept the excuse that many offer to exonerate Steinbeck: that his son is among those fighting in Vietnam. To do so would be to do him the terrible injustice of judging him by the standards used on characters from confession-fiction or daytime melodrama.

Clearly Steinbeck has attached himself to an ideology as vocally as Ezra Pound did during World War II. Although he would probably deny it, he has been hoodwinked into total conscription like any other hawk.

Steinbeck's communiques from Vietnam have praised the determination of the American warrior to get his unpalatable job done. He points with pride not only to his lean, brown son, but to the time when helicopter pilots took him on a mission: "They honored me by letting me fire the No. 4 rocket tube. It was a proud moment."

He has also described the way that Americans rebuild as they destroy. In particular, he holds up as a model of *real* American spirit a small Alabama township which sent money to re-house a group of Vietnamese villagers who "had been living in the mud, having been driven from their homes by the Viet Cong." This leads him to a thought, not particularly profound, about the anti-war movement and its leadership: "I don't know if communications are open to Fulbright or Wayne Morse country, but wouldn't it be nice if one or two of their constituent towns would revolt and be something for a change?"

Sometimes his comments are reminiscent of Goldwater, or Curtis LeMay, smacking of a sort of neanderthal baby-talk: "In my opinion, the chopper is the greatest invention since the wheel." But more often, he dutifully tries to prop up the United States' case in Vietnam—and the whole of Southeast Asia by stigmatizing insufferable neutralists (who can be neutral in a holy war?) like Prince Sihanouk, or by simply attacking the moral fibre of the enemy. It is only when talking about the Viet Cong, in fact, that Steinbeck manages not to sound like a naive political hireling mouthing platitudes. He actually believes they are totally barbarous, inscrutable harbingers of chaos: "They do their best," he says, "to take away their dead and wounded... their hopelessly wounded they shoot."

It is unaccountable that Steinbeck should not be able to see how similar these Vietnamese peasants are to the Joads and other Hooverville migrants in the recent American past on whom he once lavished such love and care. His failure to realize and acknowledge that the Vietnamese peasants, too, are capable of a kind of magnificence in resisting the tremendous odds against them suggests the extent to which his commitment to propaganda has eroded his sense of humanity.

Steinbeck and Vietnam. The whole spectacle suggests the demise of the artist, the moral wreckage of the hero who didn't have to.

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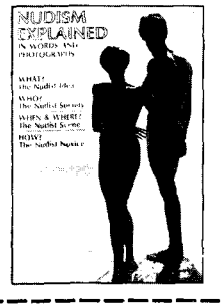

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Reviews:

POWER IN AMERICA *by David T. Bazelon. New York: New American Library. 407 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

POWER IN AMERICA is a book of subtle contradictions. It is brilliant, provocative, and self-consciously seductive. Its chief value lies in the author's skill in pointing out certain crucial contradictions between what we actually know about how society and politics work, and the assumptions we make about them and try to live by.

Mr. Bazelon is a master of paradox, and since his paradoxes are usually novel and presented with cynical verve, his social thought seems more original than it is. The book is a loose collection of essays of different degrees of seriousness, strung along the theme of power and its dynamics; portions of it were published each year that it was in progress, from 1963 to 1967, before it was finally assembled. The style is often cute and teasing when it seeks to be personal and explicit. Yet, *Power in America* is penetrating and original in its juxtapositions, if not in its components; and it very effectively stimulates thought about some very important issues.

Bazelon maintains that the myth of individualism prevents Americans from understanding how power functions in their community and hence, quite literally, from governing themselves. Of the Constitution, he observes:

> It has been a fine system for preventing national tyranny. But it accomplishes this at the cost of preventing national government as well; and finally of promoting other forms of tyranny, to account for the lack of such government. To the extent that any national government . . . is necessary and consequently does occur (even if only in limited areas and for limited periods), the system ensures that such government shall be more authoritarian than it would be if it were constitutionally provided for or realistically understood. . . . Perhaps the primary irony of American history is that a purposely perplexing system established for an eighteenth-century colonial gentry was inherited and used by a very un-genteel group of post-Civil War winners. A system having been set up to favor the rule of a superior class, it was subsequently discovered that this so-so class was easily overwhelmed; not by the propertyless, as had been feared, but by the new-propertied. The established restraints were then exaggeratedly worked thin by the grossest group of plutocrats and spoilsmen imaginable, most of whom had nominated themselves from off the streets. . . . The Constitution was established to forestall majority rule in the new country, without reliance on monarchy. The difficulty with our history has been that during most of it there had been no aristocracy able or willing to rule in the place

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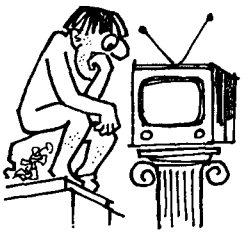

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of the majority. Moreover, the successful effort to talk the masses out of trying to rule themselves . . . has been deeply corrupting in the absence of this viable aristocratic alternative. The alternative-in-fact has been the narrow rule of business, of money-making by any means and for any purpose.

Our constitutional system inhibited the creation of a legal national government, *and made inevitable the establishment of private national governments.* [italics Bazelon's]. These latter were, and still are illegally derived: by "illegal," I mean exercising power "not officially constituted"—that is, unconstitutional.

The point made in these quotations is the central thesis of Bazelon's book, and is, I think, quite undebatable. Equally sound, though rather less cogent, is the succeeding passage:

> A Big Principle for understanding the American power structure is that it is a grouping of gangs. Or, if the term is too unpleasant, let us say that it is a collection of disparate constituencies. There is no clear movement in this country from the emotional pattern of the family to expanding communities which organize essentially the same emotions in something like the same patterns, albeit for different uses. Despite all our efforts, neither the bar nor the office is a home. . . . This discontinuity between private family emotional patterns and the expansive emotionality which is organized for extra-familial and more public life, persists throughout one's career . . . there is that grab-bag of "left-over" emotions available largely to a demeaning of public life, which is especially characterized by a lack of tenderness, a lack of concern for the next generation-in-large, a similar and even more characteristic lack of concern for the previous generation-in-particular, and a concentration on grab. Thus we convert public life into a foraging arena in which movables can be commandeered and transported back into the private emotional cave which is the natural habitat of spiritually sundered animals in this spiritually divided jungle of ours.

"You must leave now; take what you need you think will last/But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast," as Dylan advises, and even the shrill urgency in Dylan's voice as he sings his social message is explicable in Bazelon's terms:

> For politics, a big consequence of the gang or constituency form—based on the schism which sets aside primary emotions and relieves public life of their benefit until they have reached a distorted pitch at which they are a public burden—is that the higher form of politics in America is brokerage (including even the accommodation of various hysterias). Brokerage is the relation between constituencies. Brokerage politics is inevitable in a shallow society, one in which there are no formal classes, and therefore no formal relations between groups.

This is clearly a valid extension of Tocqueville's and Ortega's thought to the problems of contemporary American life. But at this point in his argument Bazelon is faced with a basic moral decision as to where to take it. Two possible, equally logical paths diverge. One may—I would—take the agony in Dylan's message as eloquent testimony to the cost of living in a society that offers most of its members only a broker's broken life. From this position, the fundamental social problem in America is the destruction of the brokerage system —which makes life an unendurable shallow round of wheeling and dealing exactly as Bazelon says—and its replacement with social dynamics and institutions that make a more human use of human beings.

But one may, as Bazelon does, choose the path more traveled by. In *Power in America* he accepts the American social system and proceeds to analyze certain of its major mechanisms, like the House of Representatives, with a view to improving the balance of power within it. The particular malfunctions he singles out for detailed emphasis are certainly among its most crucial political defects: Southern domination of the Democratic party, which prevents the formation of an effective liberal coalition and permits the Republican party the luxury of consistent irresponsibility; the gross underrepresentation of urban areas in the legislature, which the 1964 Supreme Court decision on reapportionment has only begun to correct; and, above all, the usurpation of power by the dominant corporate bureaucracies which a citizenry hung up in its own individualistic fantasy life cannot begin to control.

Within these bureaucracies, and their

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VIETNAM SUMMER 1967?

"It is time now to meet the escalation of the War in Vietnam with an escalation of opposition to that War. I think the time has come for all people of good will to engage in a massive program of organization, of mobilization. This is the purpose of Vietnam Summer. And I'm happy to join as one of the sponsors of what I consider a most necessary program, a program that may well determine the destiny of our nation."

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
at press conference announcing
VIETNAM SUMMER
Cambridge, Mass., April 23, 1967

In 1964, the Mississippi Freedom Summer Project mobilized thousands of students, clergymen and concerned citizens in the struggle against racial injustice.

The time has come for an even more massive effort to arouse the conscience of the nation—this time against the brutal and unjust war in Vietnam.

VIETNAM SUMMER is a call for 10,000 volunteers, including 2,000 full-time workers, to spend the summer in 500 communities organizing and educating against the War. During the next four weeks speakers and field organizers will visit campuses and cities around the country recruiting participants for VIETNAM SUMMER. All peace, civil rights and civic groups and all concerned citizens are invited to join in this nationwide effort and to begin preparation in local communities for a VIETNAM SUMMER project.

VIETNAM SUMMER is a project to reach the millions of citizens in communities across the nation who oppose the war in Vietnam but whose voices have not yet been heard. The goal is to create a new, independent force in America which will undertake a broad range of concrete actions to end the war. In many communities, VIETNAM SUMMER will focus on establishing a powerful political base of anti-war sentiment capable of electing candidates in 1968 who call for an immediate peaceful settlement of the war. VIETNAM SUMMER will support and organize opposition to the war in ghetto areas of the nation and among young men who in ever greater numbers are questioning their duty to fight the war.

VIETNAM SUMMER is an unprecedented attempt to bring together the hundreds of thousands who marched against the war on April 15, who voted against the war in 1964 and again in 1966, and the millions of Americans who want peace.

Dr. King's call for VIETNAM SUMMER is supported by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Robert Scheer, Dr. John C. Bennett, Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgi, Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan, Rabbi Abraham Heschel, Carl Oglesby, William Pepper, Carey McWilliams, and many others.

VIETNAM SUMMER urgently needs your support (a minimum budget of $350,000 is required). Let us hear from you right away.

Rev. Robert Holtzapple, Treasurer

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- ☐ I want to work for VIETNAM SUMMER
- ☐ I want to organize a local VIETNAM SUMMER project in my community
- ☐ I enclose a contribution of $..... for VIETNAM SUMMER (please make checks payable to Vietnam Summer)
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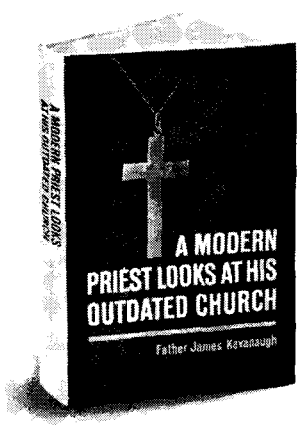

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auxiliaries in the academic and mass-communications industries, Bazelon discerns, however, the emergence of a new social class, which he suggests may form the basis for a genuine and beneficial realignment of power in America. Arguing from the familiar premise that control has become separated from ownership in the modern corporate society, and has become dispersed among the managers and bureaucrats themselves, Bazelon sees these as, in Djilas' phrase, a new class, and one that gives him hope. This managerial middle echelon, which actually does such steering as gets done in our erratic vehicle, is by no means all liberal in its social attitudes. But it is overwhelmingly urban and cosmopolitan; such men know how to organize to get what they want.

Bazelon's hope is that a new coalition may be formed between the members of his new class of urban managers and engineers and the disadvantaged, disfranchised mass of the poor—and especially the Negro poor—to bring about the genuinely majoritarian form of government in the United States that the Constitution is designed to frustrate. This seems to me both a reasonable hope and, in itself, a good one.

But Bazelon, in his urgent quest for more effective majoritarian political coalitions, advocates the most cynical and self-denying forms of political expediency. Indeed, one of his major points is that political expediency is good in itself, as an antidote to excessive individualism. Not only does the end justify the means, but he insists on judging all behavior that has political consequences—all public behavior—according to its effectiveness as a means to an end. He assumes that the preservation and improvement of the American political system, within the limits that are possible to it, must be our transcendent common goal; and public behavior that is directed toward moral clarity and self-expression rather than toward rational political ends is naive and irresponsible.

This, of course, is a familiar enough position: the Commissar putting down the Yogi. But Bazelon adds a less familiar notion. In his book, the Commissar becomes the Yogi; and for the Romantic to resist the Politician is, he suggests, to betray his own dream.

"What would power be if we did in fact have power over it? *I think it would be very much like shrewdly effective love*," Bazelon observes—the italics are his—near the end of the book.

Shrewdly effective love. Just the kind we have in America, especially among our power elite, when we have any at all.

Bazelon dismisses— he does not even reckon—the costs, social or personal, of being "all actor and politician"; or of defining a frankly political approach to others as "a refreshing act of love." In his moralistic anti-moralism, he becomes, for a rationalist, very sarcastic:

> Under the tutelage of the *savants* of the New Left, of course, domestic considerations are for the time passe. The effort to save the Vietnamese peasants from the effects of American armament is now immediate, crucial, transcendent, etc. Thus our non-political politics leaps forward, and we are thus and once again spiritually renewed. As for the same peasants being "saved" from the effects of Communist armament, that is clearly the spiritual opportunity subsequently to be made available to all 148 Soviet poets, and their unnumbered allies in Eastern Europe.

Student movements, as one would expect, make Bazelon blow his cool and lead him into what reads curiously like a self-indulgent fantasy, having little to do with political reality:

> So now we have fall organizational riots, Christmas vacation think-sessions, Thanksgiving and spring demonstrations in Washington and summer activities in Mississippi or—if the old man can afford it—in Calcutta. (*Gee, I wish the old bastard could put me in on just one Aldermaston march, before I drop-out, crawl-back-in, and graduate. Maybe I could get a three-month Fulbright beginning in January, before I put my neck on the block for Yale Law School...*)

This is about as realistic a depiction of the mind of a student activist as the labor leaders and social workers one finds in Little Orphan Annie. But it sets the tone for the final section of the book, "A Letter to the Next Generation," in which youth is enjoined "not to settle for" homosexuality—it is difficult to imagine the negotiations; to "avoid a rigid acceptance of your own superiority: that can only lead to authoritarianism"; to "assume no deep distinction between intellectual endeavor and practical action"; and asked, querulously:

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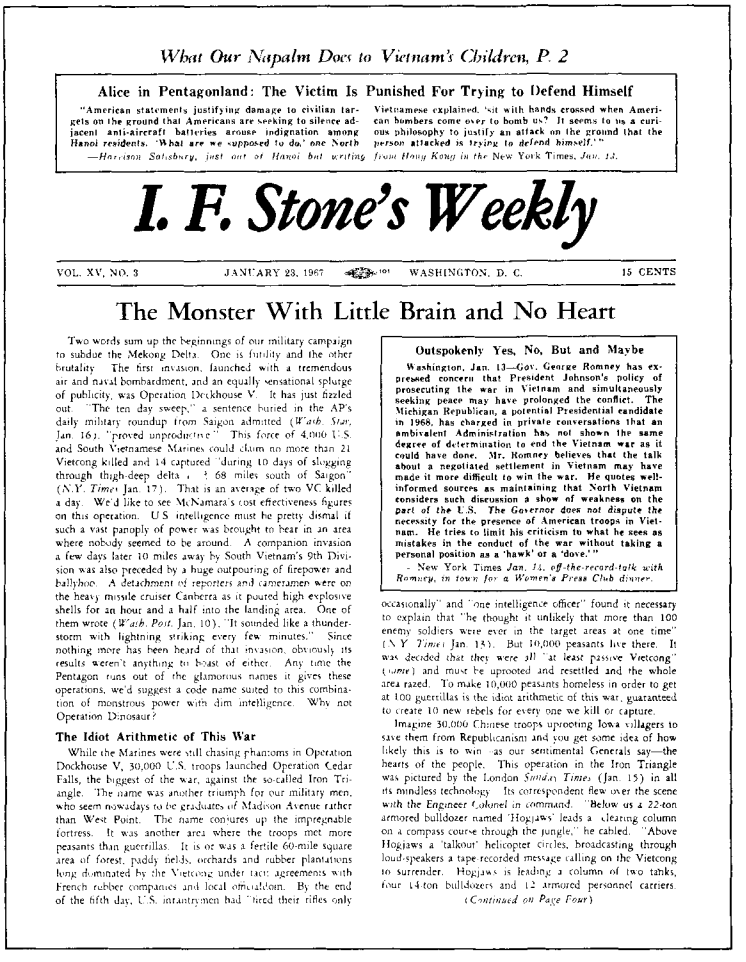

What Our Napalm Does to Vietnam's Children, P. 2

Alice in Pentagonland: The Victim Is Punished For Trying to Defend Himself

"American statements justifying damage to civilian targets on the ground that Americans are seeking to silence adjacent anti-aircraft batteries arouse indignation among Hanoi residents. 'What are we supposed to do,' one North Vietnamese explained, 'sit with hands crossed when American bombers come over to bomb us?' It seems to us a curious philosophy to justify an attack on the ground that the person attacked is trying to defend himself.'"

—*Harrison Salisbury, just out of Hanoi but writing from Hong Kong in the* New York Times, *Jan. 13.*

I. F. Stone's Weekly

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The Monster With Little Brain and No Heart

Two words sum up the beginnings of our military campaign to subdue the Mekong Delta. One is futility and the other brutality. The first invasion, launched with a tremendous air and naval bombardment, and an equally sensational splurge of publicity, was Operation Deckhouse V. It has just fizzled out. "The ten day sweep," a sentence buried in the AP's daily military roundup from Saigon admitted (*Wash. Star*, Jan. 16), "proved unproductive." This force of 4,000 U.S. and South Vietnamese Marines could claim no more than 21 Vietcong killed and 14 captured "during 10 days of slogging through thigh-deep delta [illegible] 68 miles south of Saigon" (*N.Y. Times* Jan. 17). That is an average of two VC killed a day. We'd like to see McNamara's cost effectiveness figures on this operation. U.S. intelligence must be pretty dismal if such a vast panoply of power was brought to bear in an area where nobody seemed to be around. A companion invasion a few days later 10 miles away by South Vietnam's 9th Division was also preceded by a huge outpouring of firepower and ballyhoo. A detachment of reporters and cameramen were on the heavy missile cruiser Canberra as it poured high explosive shells for an hour and a half into the landing area. One of them wrote (*Wash. Post*, Jan. 10), "It sounded like a thunderstorm with lightning striking every few minutes." Since nothing more has been heard of that invasion, obviously its results weren't anything to boast of either. Any time the Pentagon runs out of the glamorous names it gives these operations, we'd suggest a code name suited to this combination of monstrous power with dim intelligence. Why not Operation Dinosaur?

The Idiot Arithmetic of This War

While the Marines were still chasing phantoms in Operation Deckhouse V, 30,000 U.S. troops launched Operation Cedar Falls, the biggest of the war, against the so-called Iron Triangle. The name was another triumph for our military men, who seem nowadays to be graduates of Madison Avenue rather than West Point. The name conjures up the impregnable fortress. It was another area where the troops met more peasants than guerrillas. It is or was a fertile 60-mile square area of forest, paddy fields, orchards and rubber plantations long dominated by the Vietcong under tacit agreements with French rubber companies and local officialdom. By the end of the fifth day, U.S. infantrymen had "fired their rifles only occasionally" and "one intelligence officer" found it necessary to explain that "he thought it unlikely that more than 100 enemy soldiers were ever in the target areas at one time" (*N.Y. Times* Jan. 13). But 10,000 peasants live there. It was decided that they were all "at least passive Vietcong" (*ibid.*) and must be uprooted and resettled and the whole area razed. To make 10,000 peasants homeless in order to get at 100 guerrillas is the idiot arithmetic of this war, guaranteed to create 10 new rebels for every one we kill or capture.

Imagine 30,000 Chinese troops uprooting Iowa villagers to save them from Republicanism and you get some idea of how likely this is to win as our sentimental Generals say—the hearts of the people. This operation in the Iron Triangle was pictured by the London *Sunday Times* (Jan. 15) in all its mindless technology. Its correspondent flew over the scene with the Engineer Colonel in command. "Below us a 22-ton armored bulldozer named 'Hogjaws' leads a clearing column on a compass course through the jungle," he cabled. "Above Hogjaws a 'talkout' helicopter circles, broadcasting through loud-speakers a tape-recorded message calling on the Vietcong to surrender. Hogjaws is leading a column of two tanks, four 14-ton bulldozers and 12 armored personnel carriers.

(*Continued on Page Four*)

Outspokenly Yes, No, But and Maybe

Washington, Jan. 13—Gov. George Romney has expressed concern that President Johnson's policy of prosecuting the war in Vietnam and simultaneously seeking peace may have prolonged the conflict. The Michigan Republican, a potential Presidential candidate in 1968, has charged in private conversations that an ambivalent Administration has not shown the same degree of determination to end the Vietnam war as it could have done. Mr. Romney believes that the talk about a negotiated settlement in Vietnam may have made it more difficult to win the war. He quotes well-informed sources as maintaining that North Vietnam considers such discussion a show of weakness on the part of the U.S. *The Governor does not dispute the necessity for the presence of American troops in Vietnam.* He tries to limit his criticism to what he sees as mistakes in the conduct of the war without taking a personal position as a 'hawk' or a 'dove.'"

—New York Times *Jan. 14, off-the-record talk with Romney, in town for a Women's Press Club dinner.*

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"His astonishing quality is not that he is independent but that, being independent, he has survived . . . He is controversial in a day when controversy is equated with sin. He is bold, when courage is next door to treason. He is non-mercenary when indifference to money is close akin to forgetting God. He is extremely diverting when being amusing without being on television is usurpation." —GERALD W. JOHNSON in *The New Republic*

"That one-man journal was founded in the days when Senator Joseph McCarthy was making the rule around here, and I suppose it is one of the reasons that McCarthy's triumph was not more complete in his lifetime, nor his heirs more firmly in power now . . . Mr. Stone's reportorial prose is beautifully clear . . . clean as good French." —EMILE CAPOUYA in *The Saturday Review*

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Author of

TESTAMENT OF THE NAPALM JESUS

With hatred in his bosom
John Birch died across the sea.
With venom in his bible
That transfigured you and me.
    Suffer the little children to come unto me
        and I will give them death.
I've branded Herford liberals,
Beating Goldwater in sixty-four;
My mark I put on Goldwater
By stepping up the war.

I gave the nigras Selma,
Oh I was the Southern whore,
So I brand non-whitefaces
On Asia's distant shore.
    Father, napalm them —
        they cannot defend themselves.
My missions are completed to Bon Son,
The heathen are converted and all gone.
Myself I gave in measure that was plucky:
Wine, non-lethal, host, lethal if you're lucky.
    Dresden, Hiroshima, London, Washington —
        all burn down!
Lord Jimus could save the Patna;
Joseph Conrad knew he'd sin.
He'd let the Mecca pilgrims drown
To save his own white skin.

"Kurtz" meant "short Christ";
"Mistah Kurtz — he dead";
Like hell you said!
"Exterminate all the brutes."
    Hide from me will they!
        in caves, jungles, rice paddies, hospitals.
Alms, palms, napalm bombs,
Spread them on my way;
I'm coming to Jerusalem,
Flesh must burn away.
    Hang up my "kills" against the color TV,
        between Batman and supper.
"Not with a bang but a whimper";
"Creeping Jesus," "God is dead"—
Fear not, Christians, I will rise,
Clouds of infants round my head.
    Our bomb which art in heaven,
        hydrogen be thy name.
My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me!

has written a novel

LET US REASON TOGETHER

including:
White House meeting on 1968 election strategy of Pres. Lyman P. Jimson; Secs. Rust, MacArma, Katzberg; Vice-Pres. Hawksbury. LPJ explains to man-friday real reason for his war in Vietnam – why war opponents are more dishonest than he: "The US must withdraw from the US!" Lyman and Honeybug in Lincoln's bed. Assassination of Lyman Jimson. From Tucson, Ariz., missile base commander, intimate of Sen. Marty Goldenwater, casts deciding ballot. Exodus thirteen. In passing: concept of the World-Ogre; the "war against nature"; a world synthesis.

and hopes to publish for all to read.

Thomas Morrill, 1403 Stone Rd., Tallahassee, Fla. 32303.

Why can't you be smart as well as enthusiastic? And who gave you this big embossed license to be exactly as primitive as your audience? The moral posture, no matter how sincerely taken, is a low mode of behavior. Primitivism, of any kind and in any place and for whatever reason, is a rhetoric that is acceptable only if shrewdly decided upon.

This is no Devil's Advocate; he's a pusher, and he's pushing too hard. Bazelon does not mention the war in this letter to the Next Generation, which is fighting it.

ONE MAY REJECT Mr. Bazelon's moral position, while accepting his analysis of our political system. In fact, I do. But if one does, it becomes apparent that one may draw from it very different implications than those he draws.

If, in order to have any political influence in America, one is obligated to become "all actor and politician," (and a politician of such prudence that one never fights unless the chance of winning seems pretty good), even to call attention to burning villages and dying, napalmed children—then the system is not worth the personal costs of trying to preserve and improve it. Instead, one evades it, so far as possible eludes it, building as meaningful and responsible a life as one can in relationship to some trusted friends. One builds small enclaves like the Haight-Ashbury; and develops new lightweight mobile social institutions through which to act. There are risks and hardships in refusing to come to terms with the demands of the American social system—for us as for Ho Chi Minh. But if it is possible for an old man to remain so calm and cheerful in the face of overwhelming adversity, it ought to be possible for the young.

Furthermore, I am not at all convinced that it is necessary to become as roguishly political as Bazelon recommends in order to be politically effective. What's happening seems to be enough to have gotten the military-industrial leadership of the country pretty up tight; in fact, his tone in the concluding sections of the book suggests that it has gotten Bazelon pretty up tight himself. War protest is rather feeble as a political instrument, yes; but it is Bazelon's bag to see its significance entirely as a problem of means and ends, with the means being absurdly small. But massive moral revulsion against one's own country is not a political technique at all; it is a fact, and a fact of profound political significance. Our military leaders pride themselves on their ingenuity in having developed a "humane" gas that incapacitates the Vietnamese by making them vomit. These leaders are only now, I believe, beginning to realize that they have been even more effective domestically. With a large proportion of American youth, and those the most intelligent and best educated, they don't even need to use a gas.

The fundamental question raised by *Power in America* is one that Bazelon never explores, though he alludes to it: "The power at the heights of the institutional apexes will be enormous; and what will our powerful leaders have experienced in clawing their way to the top?" Indeed, it is hard to imagine what Lyndon Johnson must have experienced; though I am afraid it is getting easier. But Bazelon's question misses the heart of the matter, which concerns not only our powerful leaders but their servants, too. He ought rather to have asked whether a society in which men claw their way to power, meanwhile dissembling their true feelings even from themselves, and refusing personal commitment except to the cause of getting more power, can hope to maintain a system of legitimate authority. We have reached a point in the United States where the legitimacy of public authority, at all levels, is undermined at the outset by the kind of character it takes to achieve it. And a social system that continually places power in hands that cannot be sweetened loses its adherents; they drop out even if they can't get away; it grows steadily weaker from the effects of internal hemorrhage, though it may, through the cosmetic effects of advanced technology, continue for a while to delude its accomplices and frighten its adversaries. Displays of power and political guile, beyond a point long ago passed in this country, weaken rather than strengthen. They simply dramatize that force and cunning are failing to achieve what legitimacy might have taken for granted.

Edgar Friedenberg, professor of sociology at the University of California at Davis, is the author of The Vanishing Adolescent *and* Growing Up in America.

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